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THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

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CHAPTER II.

THE MORNING HOUR.

"Her bed composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a resolute enterprise.
And shortly she stood, as calm and pale,
As ever she was in all her life before;
And sterner sight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
Yet might have thought a form of wax
Carved to the very life, who there
So still she was, so pale, so fair."—SCOTT.

A rapid drive of an hour's length brought the party to Hossford, the seat of Sir George Bannerman, knight, the magistrate who had issued the warrant.

A winding avenue led from the highway to the hall.

On arriving before the main entrance, the foremost carriage drove up, and the footman sprang down from behind, opened the door and let down the steps, while the policeman got off the box and stood guard.

Mr. Oldfield alighted first, and handed out Estelle, who, pale as death, with her head wrapped in her bridal veil, mechanically permitted herself to be conducted by the aged friend up the broad marble stairs leading into the hall.

They were preceded by the policeman, who knocked at the door, which was opened by a footman in attendance; while just within the hall, the portly-looking porter, sat leisurely in his arm chair, with gold epaulettes on his coat, reading the "Times."

The policeman telegraphed to this dignitary, who, without leaving his seat, or raising his eyes from his paper, answered—

"Is the library there, John, above this party up."

The footman who had admitted them now came forward, indicated his forehead with his forefinger, by way of salutation to the lady and gentleman, beckoned the officer, and lead the way up the broad oaken stairs to a long gallery above, at the extreme end of which was the door of the library, where the preliminary examination was to be conducted. Opening the door the man announced—

"Prize as prisoners y' honor," admitted them, closed the door and retired.

The party found themselves in a rich, antique, and handsomely furnished library; the walls of which were alternately lighted with stained glass gothic windows, and lined with richly wrought and well filled book cases.

At the upper extremity of this room, behind a long table covered with a green cloth, sat Sir George Bannerman; on his right hand was his secretary, and near the end of the table, on the same side, were gathered Madame L'Orient, Monsieur Victoire, and a little French Abbe. Near the magistrate stood Lord Dazzlelight.

As the venerable clergyman advanced, supporting his fragile charge, Sir George arose, gravely, acknowledged their presence by a slight bow, and sat down again.

The officer preceding the party, laid his warrant before the magistrate, and stood by.

"Here is the prisoner, your worship," bowed and retired a step or two.

Sir George took up the document, and while he was looking over it in silence, the library door was once more opened, and—

His lordship the Bishop of Exeter and Lord Masterpeace had entered the consultation," were announced.

They entered gravely, bowed in silence to Sir George Bannerman, who acknowledged their salutation by a momentary lifting of his eyes and a nod, and then took their seats next to the right hand Lord Dazzlelight.

"Wasdik and Stone, Sir George Bannerman !" vehemently inquired Mr. Oldfield.

To which the latter, after he asked the knight, without lifting his glance from the document in his hand—

"I allude to the arrest of this lady."

"Reverend sir, one of your excellent judgment should know that the law, as it stands, is not to be a 'respecter of persons.'"

"Assuredly not, Sir George! but you were in the church at the time this illegal marriage took place; you heard the solemn adjuration of the Lord Bishop forbidding, that—if any person present knew cause why the contracting parties should not be joined in matrimony, he should then and there declare it. Sir, you sat there, with this unhappy lady's husband by your side, and heard this solemn adjuration, and you did not speak! But specially after the accomplishment of the act, you heard the utterance for the lady's arrest. Sir George Bannerman, I ask you once more, use this act, on the part of a Christian, a gentleman, and a magistrate, well and !"

Sir, a distinguished professor of the orthodox principles of human free agency like yourself, should understand that the law, no more than the gospel, bestows arbitrarily or partial privilege; that it can only judge and punish; but, sir, we love time; will you have the kindness to stand aside and let me see the prisoner ?"

With a deep-drawn sigh, bearing to heaven an earnest prayer, for the despairing one at his side, the good clergyman withdrew a step, and Estelle was left standing unsupported before the great table.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN LORD MONTBRISSON AND SIR PAREL MORELLE.

"Madam, will you be bold enough to unveil ?" said the magistrate.

Estelle turned with her veil, revealing a face as deathly in its hue that they who beheld it suddenly thunched in sympathy.

"Your name, Madam, is Estelle L'Orient ?"

She bowed assent.

The magistrate then took up the warrant for her arrest, read it aloud to her, replaced it on the table, and addressing her, said,

"Estelle L'Orient, you are herein charged, under oath, by Madame Gabrielle L'Orient, here present, with having this day, at the parish church of Hyde, in and during the life of your husband, Victoire L'Orient, now living in these realms, feloniously intermarried with George Charles, Viscount Montmorey, said marriage constituting an act of bigamy, against the peace and dignity of the king's majesty, and punishable by transportation, according to the statute in such case made and provided. What have you to say to this charge ?"

"Nothing, sir, at—mouth perhaps hereafter," answered the deep, plaintive voice of the accused.

"Sir George Bannerman," said Lord Dazzlelight, coming to the side of the lady, "I stand here as the counsel of Lady Montrevor, if she will accept my services, and I take exception to the question put to her, as improper."

"Madam, do you retain Lord Dazzlelight ?" demanded the magistrate.

"I do, Sir."

"You are then the counsel of Estelle L'Orient ?"

"I am the counsel of Lady Montrevor."

"*Ah ! my lord ! de ol' lawelle dat mistake name here ?* I have no claim to it! Thank God for dat, at least—that whatever happens, dis lady have no reproach upon that honored name! for it is not mine! I am your Estelle L'Orient, and yonder man is really my owner," said the thrilling, passionate voice of the lady, as she shuddered and averted her head.

"Hush ! hush my child ! You must really keep silence, and permit me to conduct this case. I shall deny their charges *de facto* and *de jure*, as we lawyers say. You are no more the legal wife of yonder vagrant than you are of——well let that pass ! You are the Viscountess Montrevor!"

"*Oh ! no, no, no !* great heaven, no ! that sacred name—Lord Montrevor's spotless name—must be kept clear from the sorrow and shame that is gathering darkly over that of poor Estelle L'Orient."

While this low and hurried conversation was going on between the counsel and his client, the magistrate sat back in his chair, waiting. Seeing them at length silent, he leaned forward and inquired of the counsel if they were ready to hear the charge.

"We are ready," replied Lord Dazzlelight.

"Then I will proceed to call the witnesses—Madame Gabrielle L'Orient will please to take the stand."

The small, decayed, quick, black eyes of the little old French woman, scintillated with cunning malignity, as she came forward. The oath was duly administered and she commenced her deposition. First, she identified the accused as Estelle, the wife of Victoire L'Orient; and then in polished French but broken English she testified to having witnessed the marriage of her son, Victoire L'Orient, and her pupil, Estelle Morelle, in the church of St. Etienne, at Paris, on the 15th day of November, 18—; and, further, to the fact of the said Victoire and Estelle having lived together as man and wife, for the period of one year, under her roof, at No. 31 Rue St. Genevieve, Paris.

While this witness was giving in her evidence, Lord Dazzlelight whispered his client,

"If there is any point in her testimony, to which you take exception, let me know it !"

"The marriage was a private one, and unless I was grossly deceived, she knew nothing of it at the time," murmured Estelle, struggling against the death-like despair that threatened the annihilation of her faculties.

"One moment, if yer please," said Lord Dazzlelight, as the witness was about to retire from her position, "this alleged marriage is understood to be denied. In the event that they who beheld it subsequently

mournful silence. Nor did she once change her position, or look up, or speak, until the magistrate called the two sureties to sign the recognizance that was now ready. The two clergymen advanced to the table. Lord Dazzleright also followed, and she was left standing alone, or guarded, as it were, by Lord Montressor.

"Has my Stella no word or glance for me?" he inquired.

"Oh! my lord—my lord—do you not *know* then that poor Estelle's soul is at your feet, in acknowledgment of your matchless constancy? But, Lord Montressor, it must not be as you have said. I may not lean upon your noble strength, nor bear your honored name, and will not, my lord—*will not*," said Estelle, with mournful dignity.

"Does my dearest Stella, my gentlest *bride*,—with all her graces,—lack the lovely grace of submission?"

"Poor Estelle, your *servant*, my lord, possesses, with all her faults and weaknesses, the capacity and strength to *suffer* alone, alone! rather than drag one whom she honors down to share her degradation."

"Your signature is wanted to this document, Madam," said Sir George Bannerman, addressing the prisoner.

"Remain here, dear Estelle. I shall sign that instrument in your behalf," said Lord Montressor, leaving her side and advancing to the table.

"Lord Montressor will enter into a recognizance with Messieurs Oldfield and Trevor, on the part of his wife," said Baron Dazzleright.

"It will not do. The prisoner must sign for herself," said the magistrate.

"Be it so, then! Estelle! Lady Montressor! if you have any regard for me, sign only the name that I have this day bestowed upon you," whispered Lord Montressor, as he led her forward to the table.

"Lady Montressor, I add my voice to his lordship's, and do beseech you, for the sake of all who love you, to comply," said the Baron.

Estelle turned upon Lord Montressor a smile, full of holy self-renunciation, took the pen, and with a firm hand signed the paper.

Lord Montressor, Lord Dazzleright, and the two clergymen bent eagerly forward to read the signature. It was—ESTELLE L'ORIENT!

"Oh! child! child! Why have you written thus?" questioned Lord Montressor, with a look of distress.

"This girl will ruin her own cause," said Lord Dazzleright, in a tone of vexation.

"Yes, my lords! she *will* ruin her own cause, rather than insure it at the expense of the noble and the good! I am poor, lost Estelle, wife of Victoire L'Orient, and have not the slightest claim even upon the Viscount Montressor's countenance—to say nothing of his noble name."

"We will see about that, my fair fanatic," said the Baron.

As it was now very late in the afternoon, and the setting sun was shining aslant the sombre library wall, and as Sir George Bannerman announced the sitting at an end, and betrayed symptoms of impatience to be gone, the parties,—both prosecutors and defendants, prepared to retire.

"You will go with me to Bloomingdale, my child, and remain as long as your friends can spare you. Mrs. Oldfield will be very—ahem!—will do everything she possibly can to prove her affection and respect for you, and to make your sojourn in our humble home as comfortable and agreeable as circumstances will admit, my dear," said old Mr. Oldfield, to his protege.

"We thank you very sincerely for your offered hospitality, reverend sir; but since taking legal advice my plans are again changed—we shall adhere to the first arrangement, which was that Lady Montressor and myself should go down to Dorset and spend a month at our castle of Montressor," said the Viscount, with calm emphasis.

"Your lordship doubtless best knows the just and proper grounds of your action," said the venerable man, bowing gravely, but looking, withal, so uneasy, that Lord Montressor beckoned the baron to his side, and said:

"Lord Dazzleright, will you be good enough to inform these gentlemen whom you consider to be the legal protector of this lady?"

"Unquestionably, reverend sirs, I hold the only legal protector and proper custodian of this lady, to be her husband, the Lord Viscount Montressor."

"But," said the old clergyman, hesitatingly, "there is *another* who claims that relation to this lady, and whose claims the magistrate, however unjustly, certainly favors."

"And whose claims to anything else but transportation will certainly be set aside by the courts," said the baron.

"But in the meantime, for the lady's own sake, had she not better remain with me, or some other friend, until the decision of the courts has confirmed her position?" pleaded Mr. Oldfield.

"Decidedly not, sir; it would argue a doubt of her position—a position upon the assuredness and stability of which I am willing to stake my reputation. As the legal adviser of Lady Montressor, I certainly counsel her ladyship to place herself under the powerful protection of her husband, and accompany him to Montressor Castle, to pass the time until the meeting of the Judges."

"Come, my love, you hear what the baron says. It is getting late. Take leave of your friends, and permit me to hand you into the carriage which waits, and drive to your father's house, where we will pass the night, and whence to-morrow morning we will set out for Dorset," said Lord Montressor, who was very anxious to remove his bride from the scene.

"My father! Ah! Lord Montressor! do you deem that in all respects, Sir Parke Morelle resembles *you*? My father will never look upon my face again, were that look needed to save my soul alive! Nay, best and most honored my lord! I *dare* not cross my father's threshold, and I *will* not cross my lord's. If ever a Lady Montressor sets foot within Montressor Castle, she will not first have borne the branded name of Estelle L'Orient. Farewell, my lord! I repeat now, what I said before, whatever may finally become of poor Estelle, may God forever bless and love you, Lord Montressor," she said, bowing her forehead for a moment upon his hand that she had clasped between her own; and then releasing it, and turning away, she addressed the old minister, saying, gently—

"I am at your disposal, Mr. Oldfield, if indeed, you still offer the shelter of your roof to one so lost as I am."

"Gladly, my child, will I receive you; and let me tell you, Lady Montressor——"

"Ah! *you* also, Mr. Oldfield! you will not spare my Lord's name!" interrupted Estelle.

"I very much suspect that it is your legal name, Lady Montressor. I have the greatest confidence in the opinions of Lord Dazzleright upon all *legal* questions, though I am not sure I would be guided by his judgment in religious questions. Thus I think his opinion upon the validity of your marriage likely to be quite right, while his advice to you, (founded upon that opinion,) that you should accompany Lord Montressor to his Castle in Dorset, there to abide the action of the court, I consider to be erroneous. Your own instincts, by the grace of God, have been a better guide. It is fitting that you should remain with Mrs. Oldfield, unless your parents claim you from us," whispered the venerable man, drawing the arm of his protege within his own, and preparing to leave the room.

But Lord Montressor, who had remained a few minutes in mournful silence, now spoke:

"Estelle, Lady Montressor, my wife, I have not said 'farewell,' and I disclaim your right thus to withdraw yourself from my lawful protection."

"Lord Montressor, your poor servant, Estelle, who would lay down her life to serve your lordship, will not even at *your* command, take one step to compromise or injure you! Once more, farewell, my Lord! And our God forever love and bless you;" and, with gentle firmness, Estelle lowered her veil and turned away.

Still Lord Montressor would have detained and expostulated with her, had not the Bishop of Exeter here come up and reasoned with his lordship.

"Lady Montressor does well. I have no doubt that Lord Dazzleright is *legally correct*; but he is *morally wrong*. I have no doubt that the marriage this day solemnized at Hyde is perfectly valid and indissoluble; but inasmuch as its validity is contested and remains to be confirmed by the action of the court, I declare it my opinion as a Christian minister that Lady Montressor is *religiously correct* in withdrawing herself from the society of your lordship until such time as the court has adjudged her position; and that any other course would expose her ladyship to much censure."

"I see, now, that you are entirely right, my Lord Bishop. Our wishes often blind us to what is expedient as well as to what is right. Although, indeed, I wished chiefly to consult her ladyship's comfort and interests. I thank you, sir, that you have placed this subject in its proper light before me," said Lord Montressor, frankly. Then going up to the bride, he said:

"Estelle, love, you go now with my full consent and approbation. Mr. Oldfield, it is I, her husband, who commits *Lady Montressor* to your care," he concluded, laying a marked emphasis upon the title with which he wished to invest her.

"Your lordship does well. And Lady Montressor shall receive the best possible care and attention while she sojourns under our humble roof," replied the aged clergyman. And, bowing to the group, he led his charge from the library, through the long passage, down the broad stairs, across the wide hall to the entrance door, and thence down the steps to the carriage in which he placed her.

Meanwhile, Madame L'Orient, Victoire, and the little fat Abbe, chattering like a trio of mammoth mag-pies, had got into their chaise and driven off.

Lord Montressor, Lord Dazzleright, and the Bishop of Exeter, now came down the steps, entered the carriage of the Viscount, and took the road to Hyde.

Mr. Trevor came out and joined Mr. Oldfield and Lady Montressor, and their carriage was ordered to drive to Bloomfield.

CHAPTER III.

THE WORLD.

"'Tis an atrocious world!" BULWER.

The news of the arrest of a bride at the altar, upon one of the gravest charges, and that bride, the beautiful and gifted Estelle Morelle, the star of fashion, the patroness of art and literature, the only daughter and heiress of the oldest and wealthiest baronet in the west of England, and the wife of one of the most distinguished among the young rising members of the house of Peers—fell like a thunderbolt upon the world, and spread like a conflagration through society. The story was everywhere received with incredulous amazement. The very enormity of the offence charged upon one so high and pure stupified belief. Even the reporters and "item" hunters of the press, feared, for a time, to deal directly with the question; and compromised the matter by obscure hints, and initials, instead of proper names. The most daring "sensationists" among the country editors were held in check, not only by the judicious limitation of the *license* of the press which exists in England, but also by deep respect for, and perhaps awe of the principal parties concerned. For the characters and influence of Sir Parke Morelle and of the Viscount Montressor were not only paramount in their respective counties of Devon and Dorset, but superior throughout the west of England.

The affair was canvassed with never flagging interest by people of every rank in society.

Upon the evening of the arrest, the large kitchen of the "Morelle Arms," the Inn at Hyde, where small farmers, artizans and laborers most did "congregate," was the scene of a considerable excitement upon the subject.

Along on benches, placed each side a strong oaken table, sat perhaps a dozen rough looking countrymen, clad in frieze coats or in smock frocks, and having clay pipes between their lips and pewter pots of foaming "arf 'n arf" before them. In an arm chair at the head of the table, sat John Oates the baker, like a self-installed moderator of the feast, while at the foot, on an oaken stool, was perched Peter Barktree, under gamekeeper from Horsford.

The fat little landlady was ever bustling in and out, between the kitchen and the adjoining bar, pausing now and then to catch a word of fresh news upon the all-engrossing subject which they were discussing with so much zest.

"Wot's been done with un?" inquired Bob Sounds, the well digger, of his next neighbor, Peter Barktree, who, having come in from Horsford, might be expected to know something satisfactory.

"Ay, mon! wot's been done with un?" echoed all the others.

"*Oie* dunnoa. How should *Oie* know, only wot Bill Moines says? Bill Moines as works on the Yew Tree farrum at Horsford telled Oie how zhe was zent off to the county jail. But *Oie* dunnoa how zhould *Oie* knoa?" replied this specimen of either stupefaction, or caution—it was hard to tell which.

"Humph! how zhould Bill Moines knoa, an he did wurruk on the Horsford farrum?" queried a doubter.

"Oie dunnoa. He wur up to the great house and saw the carridges drive off mebbe; but I dunnoa! how zhould *Oie* knoa?"

"Bill Moines loide, and Pete Barktree nows nowt on it. John Howe the constable toolde me as his worship had sent un off with his raverance Muster Oldfield to stay tull the trial," said the baker from the head of the table; and having taken the pipe quite out of his mouth to deliver this judgment, he now to save time immediately replaced it and smoked the faster.

"Wot time will the trial be?—Quarder Zezzions?"

"Noo, mon, (puff,) its a piece of wurruk for his ludship, (puff, puff,) and wull coome before the Zizes, (puff, puff, puff,) and they wull be open next week," replied the competent baker and dictator, smoking vigorously between his oracular words.

"And wot wull they do with zhe?"

"Saying it goo agin un, zend un to the tre'd'll."*

"Noo they wull not, nuther. It's boogmy wot they zent Tom Sawyers acroos the water for. And they wull zend un to Bootany Bay coolonies," said an artizan who had not before spoken.

"Oy! but they'll wull ne'er do the loike of that to zhe, Tom."

"And whoy zhouldn't they do it to zhe as well as to another, Bill Stiggins, if zhe *be* hoigh quality? Boogmy's boogmy, the wurruld over; and wot's boogmy fur poor folk is boogmy for quality folk, and noa summat else with a foiner name; and wot's Boot'ny Bay for poor folk, zhould be Boot'ny Bay for quality folk and noa soome foiner place loike Lunnun town," persisted this determined Radical.

"Oy, oy, Tom! zo we zay! Wot's law for the poor zhould be law for the quality. A health to Tom Stallins! Here, Mother Higgins, more ale! Wot's Boot'ny Bay for poor Tom Sawyers, zhoold be Boot'ny Bay for——"

"Hold your blaspheming tongues of ye! Botany Bay, indeed! They'd never send the likes of her ladyship to prison for one minute, no matter what she was left to her own devises to do! let alone Botany Bay! Is her blessed ladyship, Tom Sawyers, ye brutes? Shame on ye! And she the sweetest angel as ever went without wings. Shame on ye! And she educating all yer children and clothing all yer old mothers, and lifting half the burden of life from your good-for-naught shoulders ever since she came home these ten years back—shame on ye! I say again, ye great, stupid, unfeeling brute beasts! to take her sweet name on yer lips!" exclaimed the little landlady, unable longer to repress her indignation at hearing her "angel's" calamity thus freely discussed, and therefore quite ready to sacrifice her interests to her feelings, and offend every guest in her kitchen.

"Coom, coom, Mother Higgins, dooant thee get hoigh with us. Give us zoome more ale!" replied the baker, holding his pewter pot up for replenishment.

"Well, then, keep a civil tongue in yer heads! and know who ye'd be talking about, ye stupid loons ye! That French frog-eater as the Evil One has sot on to pretend to her dear ladyship, has no more right to lift his eye to *her* than old Bony has to the crown of England!" Speaking of 'Bony' probably suggested battle, for the honest woman went on to say—"And more betoken they do tell me how the Frenchman stole her from a boarding-school while she wes a child; and if so be he should get her *now*, it would cause a war with France!"

"Chut Dame; wot do thee knoa aboot politics and war? and whoy should's majesty go to war aboot two yoong uns as doant know their own moinds? Speak wot thee knows on Dame," said Bill Stiggins.

"Oy! but the dame be roight! Master Stubbins, his ludship's oon mon, says how his ludship, Lud Muntresser, do stick to it as the Frenchman had noo right to coome here giving trooble; and his ludship wull stand by the lady een noo that her oon fayther and moother hev cast un off, and more zhame for um," said Mr. Stiggins.

"Ay will he, I'll warrant ye! And a right noble gentleman he is," exclaimed the landlady.

"Zo he is! zo he is! and heres's to Lud Muntrussor!" agreed the baker, tossing off the foaming bumper just placed in his hand by the dame. And similar discussions to this were taking place in every ale-house, tap-room and tavern-kitchen in the three counties, as far as the news had flown.

The morning after the preliminary examination, the elegant boudoir of Lady Bannerman was half-filled with morning callers, who had "just happened in" to hear a true, authentic report from first quarters of this most wonderful of scandals. Ladies whose charms had long been thrown in the shade by the peerless beauty and genius of Estelle Morelle, now canvassed without mercy her sudden fall.

"Sweet Providence! what a coming down! What a thunderbolt to the whole family. Arrested at the altar upon a charge of ——! Was such a thing ever heard of?" exclaimed the Honorable Mrs. Howard Kennaugh.

"Hush-sh! my dearest love—pray do not specify the offence in the presence of my daughters—the dear girls are so unsophisticated—their minds are so pu-err, I am perhaps just a little prudish in speaking before them," cooed Lady Bannerman.

"What a crushing blow to Sir Parke's pride," said Lady Mary Monson.

"What a shock to Montressor!" drawled Mrs. Bute Trevor.

"But what a life of deception that creature must have led, to have deceived her parents and her betrothed so effectually," said Mrs. Howard Kennaugh.

"And what could she have *expected* other than, sooner or later, just such a denoument as the present?" inquired Lady Monson.

"Oh—you see, my dear, the fellow was in a foreign prison; she never expected him to get free; and when he returned so very inopportunely, why she affected to have believed him dead," explained Lady Bannerman.

"Oh! the unprincipled wretch! What a happy thing for you and your sweet daughters, my dear Lady Bannerman, that you were never on visiting terms with the family at the Hall, and will not have the awkwardness of breaking with them as some of us shall," said Mrs. Bute Trevor.

"A very happy circumstance, indeed, I assure you; I esteem it, Madam," returned her deceitful ladyship, who even at that darkest moment would have given the largest diamond in her parure to be placed on the dinner list of Lady Morelle, and deemed the honor cheaply purchased.

"They say that Miss Morelle, Madame L'Orient, or Lady Montressor, whichever she may properly be named, for really one does scarcely know how to choose among her various *aliases*, has been cast off by her parents. What do you think of it, Mrs. Kennaugh?" asked Mrs. Bute Trevor.

"Oh, dear, I think it no wonder!—she had deceived them so deeply, and shocked them so dreadfully! If they could only cast off the cleaving dishonor with the daughter, it were better."

"Ah, but that will *cling*; I wonder if they will be visited by any one?" suggested Lady Monson.

"Really, it is impossible to say. As far as our family are concerned, if we had ever been on visiting terms with them, it would be out of the question for us to continue an acquaintance with a set so seriously compromised," said Lady Bannerman.

"Gracious Heaven! only to reflect upon it! One can scarcely realize such horrors," said Mrs. Howard Kennaugh.

"When does the trial come on?" inquired Mrs. Bute Trevor.

"As soon as the Easter Assizes are open at Exeter. The case will come up before the new judge, Sir James Allan Parke."

"Sir James Allan Parke, my dear? And he is the new judge! Why, is he a relative of Sir Parke Morelle? Maternal uncle, or cousin, or something of the sort? It will be a strange beginning to have to try his own relative, will it not?"

"That trial will be a solemn farce, of course; nobody expects conviction for *her*."

"But, just Heaven, will the acquittal of the court remove the dishonor that will attach to herself and all her family?"

"Of course it cannot restore her to the social position that she has forfeited."

"To think of Estelle Morelle in the prisoner's dock!" exclaimed Mrs. Howard Kennaugh, who seemed to have an attraction towards the most painful and humiliating points of the case.

"Yes! and then if she *should* happen to be convicted," suggested Lady Bannerman.

"What would be done with her?"

"She would be sent to the convict colonies. It is a transportable offence."

"Ugh! I suppose in that case her parents would never show their faces in England again."

"They will go abroad in *any* case, of course. For my part, I think that inasmuch as the girl has been arraigned, she had just as well be condemned. It can make but little difference, and to ship her to Australia will end the difficulty, and be a sort of way of providing for her. Her parents are going East, and Lord Montressor has applied for an ambassadorship to America."

"Mamma, dear, do you know I think *that must* be a mistake? For I heard from Mrs. Burgess, the niece of the Bishop of Exeter, that his lordship intended to assert and stand upon the legality of his marriage, and to sustain his lady," said Miss Bannerman, upon whom all eyes were now turned in astonishment at this annunciation.

"Louise, my dear, we must not believe half that we hear."

"But, dearest mamma, his lordship really *did* place her under the protection of Mr. Oldfield to await the event of the trial."

"Ridiculous, my love. His lordship had nothing to do with it; Mr. Oldfield took the poor lost creature into his house as an act of Christian charity. You know, my sweet, that a *clergyman* can do anything of that sort, which no one else could dare to do; because his holy cloth will 'cover a multitude of sins'—*of others*."

"But, dearest mamma, Mrs. Burgess told me that it was *all* his Lordship's doings, and that in placing her under the protection of Mr. Oldfield, he gave him and his family to understand that she must be addressed only by the name and title that he had bestowed upon her, and that he chose to consider her own."

"Perfectly preposterous, my darling girl! a peer of Lord Montressor's exalted rank compromise himself with a questionable woman? Perfectly preposterous!"

"But, mamma dear, he is said to be devotedly attached to her!"

"Tut, tut, tut, my best Louisa, pray do not be absurd! Lord Montressor attached to *her* in view of all that is past and present and to come? Preposterous! Perfectly preposterous!"

And—"Preposterous! Perfectly preposterous!" was echoed by all the ladies present.

And this scene was but a type of a score of other such scenes then transpiring in the boudoirs and drawing rooms of Devon, Dorset and Somerset, where this subject was discussed as far as the news had spread. But, notwithstanding the ladies had characterised the idea as "preposterous," the fact was now forced upon their convictions that Lord Montressor did mean to spread the aegis of his powerful name and protection over Estelle during her terrible ordeal.

It became known, as every thing even of the most secret nature does, in some mysterious manner, that Lord Montressor had called upon Sir Parke Morelle in behalf of his daughter.

Lord Montressor in fact suffered one night to pass, during which he hoped Sir Parke Morelle might recover from the first madness of rage into which he had been thrown by this terrible shock to his pride and affection, and then his Lordship had called at Hyde Hall and requested a private audience with the Baronet. He was shown into the superb library where he found Sir Parke reclining in a luxurious arm-chair with a reading stand beside him, and engaged in reading, or in pretending to do so.

Lord Montressor advanced with serene gravity, offering his hand.

Sir Parke arose to welcome him, and stood, slightly bent, trembling and leaning for support with one hand upon the chair. The Baronet had aged twenty years in less than twenty days.

"Good morning, Sir Parke."

"Good morning, my lord. Pray be seated."

"Lord Montressor waived his hand, nodded, took the indicated chair, and when Sir Parke Morelle had resumed his seat, said,—

"I called this morning, Sir Parke, believing that you would be pleased to hear favorable news relating to Lady Montressor."

The Baronet's face suddenly blanched, his lips worked, his brow gathered, but his over-mastering pride soon controlled every betrayal of emotion, and he inquired, coolly—

"News relating to——*whom*, my lord?"

"To your daughter, sir."

"Your Lordship labors under some serious mistake. *I have no daughter*," said the Baronet, sternly.

"No daughter? That is very sorrowful, if true; you lately gloried in the loveliest daughter in all Devon."

"We will not speak of her if you please, my lord," said the baronet haughtily.

"Be it so, I will drop the subject of *your daughter*; but will you, sir, on your part, be so courteous as to permit me to speak for a few moments of, *my wife*?"

"I was not aware, Lord Montressor, that you *had* a wife."

"Then I have the honor of informing you of that fact. Yes, sir, I have the loveliest wife, as *you* had the loveliest daughter in all Devon; I have not lost her; and it is of *her* that I come here to talk."

"My lord! with all deference to your lordship, I must inform you that *I* do not *know* Lady Montressor; nor is it convenient just at present to form her ladyship's acquaintance. We are about to leave England for some time, my lord."

"Sir Parke!" said Lord Montressor, very gravely, "let us leave this unworthy word-fencing, and talk of this matter as Christian *men* should discuss it—shall we not?"

The baronet's countenance was working again; he sought to control its motions; he sought to repress the feelings that were swelling in his bosom; he was "very vilely proud," but his pride was scarcely proof against the earnest goodness of Lord Montressor's nature.

His lordship saw this advantage and pursued it.

"If you will exercise the moral heroism of looking this dark matter steadily in the face, you will understand it better—summon patience and strength, while I tell you as much, and no more than it is requisite you should know of the present position of affairs relating to—my wife."

Then Lord Montressor commenced, and while the baronet listened with his chin upon his breast, and his hand thrust into his bosom, told with all possible delicacy what had passed, and concluded by saying—

"Thus the law and the testimony, as understood by the most eminent barrister in the kingdom, hold Estelle to have been while yet an infant, the victim of a conspiracy, and entirely set aside the *quasi* marriage of the child, in favor of the real marriage of the woman. Therefore, sir, I shall use the power with which the law undoubtedly invests me to protect and defend Estelle in her present straits, and when these shall be safely past, leaving the conduct of her future life to be decided by her own conscience and moral free agency."

Leaning his head upon his thin worn hand, Sir Parke turned his glance wistfully upon the face of Lord Montressor. His lordship's calm, self-possessed independence of thought and action amazed this world-worshipper. But Sir Parke's thoughts, affections, and activities revolved in a very contracted orbit—from pride to self-interest, and from self-interest around again to pride—and as neither of these passions could in any degree be gratified by any sort of relations with Estelle, he judging the motives of others by his own, could not at all understand the grounds of Lord Montressor's action. But then the humanity, liberality and independence of Lord Montressor had often suggested the suspicion to the baronet that his lordship was a little wrong-headed upon some subjects, and that was the only way, he thought, to explain his present otherwise inexplicable conduct. When Lord Montressor paused he spoke, though somewhat off the point.

"Since we *are* discussing this subject, which you have rather ungenerously forced upon me, my lord, I must use the opportunity afforded me of assuring your lordship that at the time of your betrothal to Miss Morelle, neither Lady Morelle nor myself had the slightest grounds for suspicion that there had existed on the side of the young lady, a previous entanglement."

"I am assured of that, Sir Parke; though I myself had been duly advised of all this by Estelle, who would have placed a like confidence in her father had she dared."

As much as Sir Parke was surprised by this avowal, he was much too guarded to permit his astonishment to appear; while Lord Montressor proceeded to say—

"But, this is not the point, sir; what I wished to inquire is whether—now that you are made acquainted with the position of affairs—you will assist me in sustaining Estelle."

There was a pause. For a few minutes pride and affection had a mighty struggle in the bosom of the Baronet, though no one could have guessed it from his calm exterior, and then he replied, slowly,—

"Assuredly not, my lord. You, from the infatuation of passion, and Mr. Oldfield, from Christian charity, may unite to protect and defend her, and the literal construction of the statute may save her from the ultimate consequences of her folly, but Estelle is fallen, and no fallen woman must dare to call me father, or look to me for aid and countenance."

An indignant rejoinder rose to Lord Montressor's lips; he was tempted to inquire of him by whose culpable neglect it was that the child of seven years had been left to grow up under the sole charge of an unprincipled and intriguing French governess, who ended by entrapping and nearly destroying her pupil; to ascribe all the wretchedness that had ensued to his own failure in parental duty, and to hurl the charge of dishonor back into the teeth of the cold, hard, haughty man who had made it; but "He who ruleth his own spirit is mightier than he who taketh a city," and Lord Montressor forbore by angry words to widen the breach between father and daughter.

"God give you a more humane heart, Sir Parke," he said. "When do you leave England?"

"Within ten days," answered the Baronet.

"He wishes to escape before the opening of the Assizes. Well, well, be it so! only with augmented earnestness let me pray God to purify my heart from every earthly passion, and every selfish motive, that I may be the fitter champion of His poor child, whose earthly father and mother have forsaken her," thought Lord Montressor. Then he inquired—since they were so soon to leave England—whether he might not be permitted to pay his respects to Lady Morelle.

But the baronet prayed that he would excuse her ladyship, who had not yet recovered the severe shock her nerves had sustained in this affair.

Lord Montressor then left his compliments and best wishes for Lady Morelle, and arose and took leave.

Worldly pride was the governing passion of Sir Parke and Lady Morelle. Just so long as their only daughter had been an object of pride to them, they had idolized her; now, however, when reproach had fallen upon her youthful head, and she had become, though undeservedly, an object of animadversion, they were the first to reject and disown her; as had new honors, however unmerited, crowned her, they would have been the first to applaud.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LABOR ITS OWN REWARD.

Such is the constitution of man, that labor may be styled its own reward; nor will any external incitements be requisite, if it be considered how much happiness is gained, and how much misery escaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body.

Ease is the utmost that can be hoped from a sedentary and inactive habit; ease, a neutral state between pain and pleasure. The dance of spirits, the bound of vigor, readiness of enterprise, and defiance of fatigue, are reserved for him that braces his nerves, and hardens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with motion, and by frequent exposure fortifies his frame against the common accidents of cold or heat.

With ease, however, if it could be secured, many would be content; *but nothing terrestrial can be kept at a stand.* Ease, if it is not rising into pleasure, will be falling towards pain; and whatever hope the dreams of speculation may suggest of observing the portion between nutriment and labor, and keeping the body in a healthy state by supplies exactly equal to its waste, we know that, in effect, the vital powers, unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid; that as their vigor fails, obstructions are generated; and that from obstructions proceed most of those pains which wear us away slowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they sometimes suffer life to be long, condemn it to be useless, chain us down to the couch of misery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

Exercise cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from Heaven, and chronical from ourselves: the dart of death indeed falls from Heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct; to die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguish is generally his folly.

* Treadmill.

THE NORTH WIND.

BY C. D. STUART.

Soul of the frigid zone! O wild North Wind!
Keener and colder than the inward spear
Of Polar woe, that pierces the palace roof
And prods the sky! Eternal as the years
That flow past sun and star, with calm endeavor
To crush the icy throne and glacier walls forever.

Why 'round my ramblings, quickest, art thou come?
Why dost thou ever find me, where I roam?
With cloud and tempest, to our Southern land
And to the tropics, sweep'st thou fiercely by?
Has thou not power, under the mysterious light
Shamon the pole fane of day and southern up the night?

Thou, cruel, brutal, in thy breath have fed,
Like vulture blood, many grim victims' wrong?
What sees thou gridest with thy heavy tread?

Hi all of arctic proof flesh were whelm'd, strong,
Into the snowfall laughter! Arm'd with frost and ice,
Whom hast thou slain, what ruin'd, since thou first'st thy
voice?

Mercy, she sighs! this night we dark and wild
Is, gibbon-North Wind! slay the ragged Death;
Wrestle with reeds and rout, till those last piled
Forests and waves to permafrost! Shafts of death
Heed not open our troops thousand—fall in blizzes—
Drive out and tender thine, all legions, to the north.

Back with thy frosted arrows! back, North Wind!
Spare our Red Indian, where Saskatchewan's pool
Beats! to the mountains and the seas, that bind
Thy mordine home, and let the tropic sun
On the white glaciers, 'till they groan, slay
Magic to reach with the Northern Day.

Or, if thou must from out thy desolate home
Wander forever, bad to plague our years,
Strike the proud palaces, and strew the farm
Lordings and princes! Be chief of human grain;
Scatter the hateful blindness of six thousand years,
Burn off all misconception there and let on blood and wrath.

O, that some fairer, mightier on thee art,
And pilgrim, would blast the world!
Would come and thrill man's universal heart,
Wilderness-wide and tenderness's wings on thee
Or rest on earth could find, save hearts and homes of these,
Storm-stain were hurled, and ruin'd, and ruin'd!

Blow, wave each spirit! Blast were thee, North Wind,
If thou could'st from every throne be slain;
If thou all forms from man's limbs and mind
Would'st sweep, and scourge with the rod of Fraud and lust,
Or bitter feud, hate, envy, of falsehood and of wrong,
Grander thy power than ever erupting Hell or Heaven!

Back to thy home, North Wind! Come, nightier soul,
And from world-wasting Summer's sky and brain—
Destined at length to sweep from pole to pole
Father of truth, of love, and liberty and chaste,
Bringing our chain a more than hyperborean light;
Shaming our day to pale fire and swallowing up our night!

"IT'S ONLY A TRIFLE."

A SKETCH FOR BEGINNERS IN LIFE.

BY STUDLEIGH COMO, JR.

It was at the end of the year, and John Hodge sat in his snug little sitting-room with a very long face. John was a proprietor in Nottingham twenty years of age, with a good will, and there good although he lived in a thriving village, and received ten dollars a week for his work. He was a good workman; faithful, industrious, honest, and steady. He had a small family, and was in pay thirty dollars a year. He received his pay every Saturday evening.

We said John had a good wife. And so he had —one of the best wives in the country. She was not a beauty, but then she was pretty and intelligent; and her good looks were of that kind which grow brighter under the influence of love, as the wearer grows older. She was a valuable wife, and not a day passed but John had reason to bless the hour that gave her to him for his companion.

The three children were, by turns, very fretful, aged six, four, and two, respectively—the boy being the eldest.

"I declare, Emma, this is hard," said John Hodge, in a tone of mental pain. "I supposed I should certainly lay up a hundred dollars this year; but I have been to-day and paid the last bill I owed, and I have found myself an unlimited owner of three dollars and thirty-four cents!"

"Is that all?" Emma asked this with a show of interest, but not with surprise. In fact, her manner would rather imply that she had expected this.

"Yes. That is all. *Now* are you tell me where our money goes?"

Emma Hodge was a woman of sense. She knew very well that there was little chance of any improvement of the past unless she could point them out plainly and separately. She did know where the money had gone, but she feared her husband would not believe her if she told him, for her own eyes had been opened only a few weeks. However, she ventured to say—

"John, don't you think we—she said we out of pure willingness to bear a part of blame which she had not incurred)—don't you think we've paid more for most things we have purchased than we was my need of?"

"How?" Then have I paid more than there was need of?" asked John, in pure wonder.

"Well—it seems to me that we have paid a—a number of times."

"But what is one?"

"Well—there are the two glass lamps in the parlor. We paid six dollars for them, when a pair for two dollars would have answered just as well. Not one in a hundred of our visitors know the difference between two-dollar and common pressed glass."

"Yes they do, Emma. If we are going to have lamps, let's have them. I hate to see a fellow going about with a light. I'd rather go without money than to see a man smoky about my premises."

Emma saw that John was troubled, and she resolved not to argue the case with him then. He was not in a mood to be contradicted, and she would not touch his feelings for the world; so she simply said, as she placed her arms about his neck and kissed him—

"We could worry about the past, John; but we will try to do differently in the future. Now let's resolve to save something the coming year."

"We will," said John; and from that moment he looked happier.

The new year commenced, and things moved on as usual. When the spring opened John wanted a new suit of clothes. He went to the tailor's and got samples of cloth, with a suit in view. There was a very good suit to be had for twenty dollars; and another for thirty. He pitched upon the thirty-dollar suit.

"But," argued Emma, "the suit for twenty dollars is very good. When the cloth is made up you could never tell the difference; but the difference in price we should feel sadly."

"Pooh, Emma! You talk like a crazy woman. I only have a new suit throughout once in two years, and while I am about it I might as well have a good one. What would folks think to see me saving money off from my back? You dollars is but a trifle when we consider how seldom I get such a suit."

But, John, you must remember what we wish

to do. We wish to own a home of our own one of these days; and to reach that end we must be economical in all things. Ten dollars is just a week's pay."

"But the clothes, Emma—you would not have me go poorly dressed?"

"No, my husband. But see: In purchasing clothes we look first to our comfort; then to the fashion; and then to our means. Now this suit for twenty dollars will look well enough, and I know it will wear as well, if not better, than the one for thirty dollars."

But John couldn't see. He was determined not to appear mean in dress, and he must have the thirty-dollar suit.

On the following day, Emma went to the tailor, and with whom she had been acquainted from childhood, and asked if John had ordered his suit. She was informed that he had. Emma examined the various fabrics, and finally found some cloth from which the garments could be made for twenty dollars, and the tailor assured her that they would wear better, and, in the end, be of far more value to John, than the thirty-dollar suit. The broad cloth would be good for nothing for him to wear at his business, while the other would be fine for visits.

It was at length decided that the suit should be made from a material which the wife and the tailor had selected, and for twenty dollars. Emma promising to bear the responsibility. John said he knew nothing of it. He was to pay the thirty dollars as he had agreed.

In due time John came home with his new suit, and when he got it on he was perfectly satisfied with the effect. The pants were of fine, strong doeskin, and the coat and vest of handsome and durable materials.

"They look better in the garments—made up—than they did before," said he. "I think the cloth don't look quite so fine as it did in the piece; but it feels firmer, and I am sure it will wear well in making, I suppose."

Of course, Emma admired the suit very much, and her husband was happy when he found that she said nothing about the price. He wore the clothes to meeting on the Sunday after, and when they were hung up on Sunday evening, he was very careful to have them carefully brushed and kept from the dust; because, as he said, "such clothes must be taken care of."

On Monday Emma went to the tailor's and got the ten dollars which she had so surreptitiously saved.

Not long after this it became necessary to purchase a carpet for the parlor. John and his wife had had no carpet in that room, though they had long been planning to have one. They had been purchasing gradually. There were some expenses of the year before, which would not come in the present year, and a carpet had no doubt been set down for the present season.

One Monday morning John and his wife went to look at some carpets. John was bent upon a three-ply, for he thought that would be "something like stout and three-ply; or between two-ply and no "ply" at all. But he knew that Brown, and Jones, and Stevens, and Rogers all had "three-ply," while Emma knew that Brown's three-ply was only two-ply; and that Jones' three-ply was cotton chain which he bought at auction.

"Now we are not going to get a Kidderminster all over every purpose," said Emma. "We can find one just as fine, and not quite so thick, that will have so many thicknesses. When the surface is worn through the carpet is done; and until that time is the great object. We want it to last out all the upper surface for many years. And then a Kidderminster is not the best carpet for the parlor as well as the other. We can have a dark carpet, or a light one, as we choose, and we will be much cheaper to buy a Kidderminster."

But John could not do it. He wouldn't be mean about a parlor carpet.

"It's only a trifle—thirty-five cents a yard—and I'll go it."

"But we are to get five-and-twenty rolls, John, and that will make a difference of full fifteen and seventy-five cents."

"Well—and what is that when we think how long we are to use the carpet. It is something which we don't buy again for a good many years. No, no; we must have as good a carpet as any one has of my means."

Emma sighed—she spoke of the true indepen dence and the false; and she alluded to the time when they hoped to have money enough to purchase a house of their own. O—John understood all that. He meant to save, but he would not be mean. He would not stint and pinch. Even while we consider this it is for a carpet that must be in daily service for years. However, she

It so happened that the dealer was an own uncle to the tailor who managed to obtain the order for that carpet. He had two carpets so nearly of the same pattern that they could not be distinguished when placed side by side. One was three-ply, the other two-ply. John bought and paid for the former—the three-ply—at thirty-five cents a yard, but the other one was sent home, and Emma put the eight dollars and seventy-five cents by for use.

John Hodge admired his carpet when his wife had made it and put it down. He said, how much better it looked than "one of those two-ply concerns!" Emma might have felt some compunction that her husband was not quite as well as he governed wholly by what other people had, rather than what he really needed, but she could not have no difference between the various qualities of woollen fabrics, being only anxious to have his purchase think he had the best.

When the carpet was down it became necessary to get the stair rods. Even Emma had carpet-rods in the house. They had been bought for a small party; and as they must have more soon or later they might as well have good ones—have them on a sofa.

Up to this time Emma had managed to save quite a respectable sum of money. Since the first of April she had done the marketing. Until this John had always bought and sent home the provisions; and in this department, as in many others, he never looked at "trifles." Seldom did he go into the market without repeating the old expression—"Fill 'em up, Emma." Sometimes he thought it very mean to ask a butcher to cut a leg of lamb, the whole of which would be his own; and he blushed scarlet at the very thought of offering early fruit to customers at a high price. If Jones got strawberries, of course he could get strawberries. And if his grocer had "sold" by a few quarts of fine fresh apples, it was necessary for him,' he would at once have picked his friend's pocket or he would have been mean, and he was not afflicted it.

But Emma had no such feelings. She felt that she was trading with her husband's money, and she was determined to show him that she was worthy of the trust. On the previous January they had reckoned up the grocer's and butcher's bills, and found that the average for the year had been exactly five dollars and forty-six cents a week; so this sum Emma claimed, and she had it handed to her each Saturday evening. From this she managed to save considerable, and yet John found no fault with his living. He never fared better. As he did none of the marketing he saw not little of the early, bothsome fruit, and so cared nothing about it; and, in fact, he never had a better. Traders knew his easy, timorous disposition, and they put upon him what they pleased. Let the reader imagine.

"Ah—Hodge—you're just in time. Here are some splendid new blackberries. I kept 'em purpose for ye. Jones wanted 'em, but I told him no. I'd saved 'em for you. It'll cost you eight cents."

Perhaps John would venture—"How high do they come?"

"Only twenty cents a quart. But look at 'em—the first of the season."

And then he would send for the berries—half green, perhaps—out of season—small measure—and just worth nothing at all to John Hodge.

But these things were not practised upon him. She bought *after* she counted, just as fast as she wanted and never what she did not want. She carefully herself to her cooking; and in their proper season the berries were bought, and in their proper season.

At length John and his wife went to look for a sofa. There was quite an extensive furniture store in the village, and there they went to look at the patterns. After looking for an hour John settled down upon a sofa, the price of which was thirty-five dollars.

"Mr. Barnes has a sofa of this very pattern," said Emma, "and he asked you seventy-five for it, John's—" and I believe he will sell it very cheap, and when he gets it on the parlor it will match with the other. The pants were of fine, strong doeskin, and the coat and vest of handsome and durable materials.

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"Eh? 'Trifle?' But what do you mean Where'd this come from? Whose is it?"

"It's yours and mine, John; and not the amount I have got for trifle."

John looked bewildered. Emma had to struggle some to maintain her composure, for tears were filling her eyes in spite of her. This was a moment she had been looking forward to for a long while with strange emotions, and now that it had come she was nervous and her eyes bothered with tears.

"John, I know you will pardon me. I own that I have promised upon your failing, but I could not help it. I saw that your 'trifle' were eating up your income. A dollar is not much, but a dollar a week makes fifty-two dollars a year. I knew that the tradesmen took advantage of your fear of being thought mean, as you termed it, and that they were taking your money for things which we did not need. I have furnished you with all you needed, and I am sure we have had enough and to spare. Now look at the result. You have had an average of five dollars and forty-six cents a week. I have put away the same amount, and have done it for forty cents a week, thereby saving just one hundred and sixty dollars and twenty-five cents. Have I not done well?"

"But where does the rest of this come from? I asked the question, hurriedly by his looks that he kept his emotions back until he knew all.

"Why, John, you know I have a pay."

"Bless you! How could I? But tell me all about it."

"Well. First, your best suit of clothes cost only twenty dollars! That trifle of ten dollars I saved when I went to the tailor's to get a suit of my own relieving. But you know the clothes were perfectly good."

John Hodge looked at his wife in blank surprise. Then, suddenly, there was a very flattering new carpet on our parlor. So I got eight dollars and seventy-five cents for that transaction. But you know we have been very perfectly satisfied."

John still looked surprised.

"Then, John, I bought Mr. Barnes' sofa, for which I paid twenty dollars cash. So Mr. Goodwin got the rest of my trade—about fifty dollars. You know he sells a nice one, and I saved a little in my purchase. Are you offended?"

In a moment more Emma was sitting upon her husband's knee, and his arms were about her neck. She had no fears. He kissed her, and from the fond hour he knew that he possessed a treasure in his wife. He could not appear generous to her. The gold was in his hand, and even after all was told he could hardly realize that it was all his—saved from his year's pay.

And John Hodge had received a lesson which he never forgot. The "sovereign" thus procured was not left alone. He began to look upon "extras" and "trifles" in their true character—that a trifle is a great white; and by a little practice he soon learned to "go it" on a trifle. He was a man who was a store, and if the trader urged that "was only a *trifle*," John could calmly answer, "But it is a trifle that we can do without."

In four years from that day on which John learned his first lesson on trifles, he had a thousand rolls sufficient to buy him a good house. And when he moved into the latter he owned it free from debt, and went on buying up trifles still, in the hope that every thing would go together, for he saw the large amount of good from so trifling a beginning.

FRENCH LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Flowers play an important part in Paris. The Parisian loves flowers; he loves them more than anything else. He receives visits of ceremony, but on a mongrey not win from lovely lips! For the Parisian lady loves flowers too; but she loves them when they are growing together; for her they are ready-cutted in garlands and in posies in the shops of the gardeners. She loves them only as an ornament, only as the gift that homage offers. Flora is the goddess of the Parisian lady, that binds up her head and her bosom; she herself will be the goddess. On entering a ball-room at the end of the season, would one not imagine that Flora, the lovely one, was multiplied a hundred fold? What a wealth of flowers they present! In the hair, in the hand, and on the bosom, while bustling in greater abundance. The parts of the person that are to be most densely interwoven, that can think they most adorn and grace, are the bodice and sash, the bosom on the fair temples as if they would never leave them, and had their place there from all eternity. The richest of the mongrey for the flowers are so tastefully arranged, so melting one into the other, that you fancy the harmonious pencil of nature herself created this union of tints, and produced this many-flower; for, like a single flower, the whole grows out of an enlivened stalk, and needles and node with delight. But the mongrey of the flowers is not confined to the ball-room and the fete. The bouquets are celebrated throughout the world, and even the whole city vies with their productions are continually being sent.

CRUELTY PUNISHED

At Alba, in Canada, a man had been run over by a carriage, crushed to the door of a tanner in the town; the man's son, a lad of fifteen years of age, was present at the time, and saw a boiling water on the miserable animal. This act of barbarous cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who informed his brethren of the fact, and the tanner was summoned before them to be punished. He was imprisoned till the following market day; then, in the presence of the people, was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who used to him his sentence. "Inhuman monster! you have scalded to death the animal that implored your aid by its cries, and which you should have protected. You are now going to be scalded in the same manner as you have done the same which you deserve, and to receive fifty lashes." He then flung a black hood over the tanner's neck, with this inscription: "A savage and inhuman young man!" And after inflicting on him twenty-five lashes, he proceeded: "Inhuman monster! you have now felt a very small degree of pain; but you have not expended a single drop of animal in the hour of death. As you with the same cruelty that God who created all that has been humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

PEOPLE WHO ARE NEVER FITTED.—We have no sympathy for a railway speculator, who is reduced to his last shilling.—None for an ill-tempered man with the toothache.—None for a stout man running after his hat.—None for an alderman who is beat up with the gout.—None for a dandy splashed by a mud-cart.—Nor for a man who loses his umbrella.

THE SUTTEE.

The Suttee, or the exceedin custom of burning the wives and widows of the dead, has endured for ages among all the nations of India, and is very common among the rich. The description of one of this custom by the learned Dubois, the famous historian of India, is the very thing as it exists at this day.

The English have always interfered to prevent human and inhuman sacrifice, as well as the crushing of the devotees under the wheels of the sacred car of Juggernaut, and to as great extent as possible, they have put a stop to the Suttee for the last twenty or a century, wherever they had authority to exercise. Even the relations themselves, now often endeavor to prevent the burning of the widow; and in the battle of Bhurtpore, the princess of the country in person undertakes to stop cremation, and when he is endeavoring to dissuade the widow from her purpose, the corpse is hastily carried away and consumed.

In Bengal it was customary to bind the dead and the living together with ropes to a stake, and to pile up bamboos around so high around them that escape was impossible. The widow was led by a Brahmin to the pyre, amidst the most ferocious music by the nearest relatives of her late husband, with a band of music, and attended by many women and relatives, her male descendants going before. In Orissa, the pile is made in a pit, into which the wife throws herself, and as soon as the flames arise and in the Deccan, the woman sits upon the pile, and the head of her husband, and *there she either suffocated, or crushed by the heavy wooden envelop which covers the pile.*

When a woman intends to burn herself with her husband, her grief assumed a sublime character. She puts on her richest and gayest habiliments, she lays aside her veil, and no longer conceals her face from the gaze of men. She receives the congratulations by the nearest relatives of her late husband, with a band of music, and attended by many women and relatives, her male descendants going before. In Orissa, the pile is made in a pit, into which the wife throws herself, and as soon as the flames arise and in the Deccan, the woman sits upon the pile, and the head of her husband, and *there she either suffocated, or crushed by the heavy wooden envelop which covers the pile.*

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NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1857.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12; Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. It will be useless for parties to write us insisting on our taking large clubs at lower rates. An elegant family paper like the LEDGER, (containing no advertisements, and beautifully illustrated,) cannot be afforded at less than these terms. We do not want any clubs formed in towns where there are news-offices established. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler. The best way to get our paper is at the book and periodical stores; but if you happen not to be within reach of one, then you can send us two dollars, and we will mail it to you.

ALL LETTERS must be addressed to ROBERT BONNER, NEW YORK LEDGER office, No. 44 Ann street, New York.

BLACK-MAIL EDITORS.

The LEDGER, as our readers are aware, makes it a rule never to reply to obscure, insignificant papers, whose editors seek a quarrel with it, thinking that we will therefore condescend to notice them; but, inasmuch as a certain Chicago daily paper, well known in its own city as a low and scurrilous sheet, has, in assailing the LEDGER, rendered itself liable to a rich and merited exposure, we have departed from our usual course in reference to it. Their advertising agents, S. M. Pettengill & Co., a short time ago, solicited us to send an advertisement to it. We did so; but, after receiving it, they telegraphed back to Messrs. S. M. P. & Co. that, on certain conditions, they would insert it. Mr. Pettengill consulted with us in the matter, and *we declined to comply with the conditions. What did this black-mail sheet do then?* Why, it assailed and denounced the LEDGER, when the fact is that we expend more money in *one* week in employing great and good writers in order to make a good paper, than *this poor creature has expended for literary matter during his whole life-time!* But the most amusing feature connected with the abusive notice in this disreputable Chicago sheet is the fact that a Buffalo paper copies it, and *endorses it*,—and why? We answer: Because one of the editors of the Buffalo paper in question applied to us, through a gentleman employed in the highly-respectable publishing house of MASON BROTHERS, in this city, to write stories for the LEDGER; and we *refused his productions*;—therefore, this Buffalo paper copies the attack of the Chicago black mail concern. So it is, in substance, with one or two other things in the shape of newspapers, that have assailed the LEDGER. They all have something *personal*—something *vindictive*—with which to flavor their abuse. A publisher who advertises so extensively as we do must come in conflict occasionally with *some* snarling and malignant editor—and these disappointed creatures, when we will not submit to their extortions, rush into print, and endeavor to injure us; but, we dare and defy the whole brood of them, for, as the *Brockport* (N. Y.) *Republic* remarks:

"The New York LEDGER has established its own character in the minds of the people, and no personal ill-will can lessen the high moral, literary and instructive fame accorded to it by its three hundred thousand subscribers."

PAST AND PRESENT.

We are often hearing and making contrasts of our glories and advantages, compared with those of our fathers and the earlier generations of mankind. We ridicule and make ourselves merry over their progress in the arts and sciences, and in their social and civil economy. But, while we pride ourselves on our superiorities, it might be a useful reflection were we to estimate the superior amount of social happiness and individual comfort we have really gained. Let us ask the question—do they bear a fair proportion to the advantages of which we boast? Has the world generally been advantaged in individual happiness, in a ratio with the rapid advances of what we call civilization, the arts and sciences, and commercial intercourse and wealth. We think not. Talk of progressive civilization! and in the middle of our nineteenth century look at the bloodshed that has taken place, and must still ensue, before European civilized nations can become a tolerable residence for their people. Civilization! No, no, advances in this characteristic of human society have not been on the proper principles in the old world, and but to a certain extent in the new. True civilization comes not of the enforced laws of kings and their cabinets, independent of the people's will; nor of habits and manners which they may arbitrarily assume, and thus make the rule of social life.

A feeling of fraternity, universally and fully realized, is the genuine source of civilization; and where this feeling is recognized and cultivated, there alone will it truly exist and advance. As to the arts and sciences, the progress in them has not been made always for the general good, but oftener for the monopoly of the few; and, perhaps, we might assert that it has been as often converted into a source of misery for the masses. And commerce and wealth, the great elements of our times, have proved not unfrequently the world's tyrants and their masters' curse. It is a fact, which history has written and will ever write on its standing page, that side by side with the boasted refinements in the modes of human life and its observances—with the wonders and discoveries of the human mind in art and science, and with the extension of commerce and the accumulation of wealth, there exists more human misery—more palpable, "appreciated wretchedness"—in the present age, than in any of the ruder ages chronicled by history. The cause is worthy of being studied, and we believe accurately reflecting minds will find it either existing in, or connected with, that selfish principle which takes the mastery of the natural and kindlier feeling of brotherhood, and by building up monopolies of this life's blessings and necessaries, impoverishes and oppresses the masses of mankind.

We must make, or rather have, civilization the offspring of the natural sympathies of the heart, and not the cold creature of imposed laws and customs; the discoveries of mind must be consecrated to the general, and not to any special, individual good, and commerce and wealth must become free and distributive in their character, before their natural, and heaven-intended blessings can induce a happy and contented era. Pure civilization is not inconsistent with the amplest luxury and the highest refinement, yet an age may have these and be far from the civilization due to Christianity. Old Greece, amid her pagan altars and myths, exhibited a splendor of luxury and refinement—a magnificence of intellect and artistic skill and taste, but she lacked the spirit which fraternizes and unites a people, and without which, universally diffused, the highest civilization cannot exist.

ANOTHER NEW TALE, by MR. COBB, will shortly be commenced in the LEDGER. In this connection we would also state that we have made arrangements with T. S. ARTHUR, the well known author, for a series of interesting tales, the publication of which we will soon commence.

COME NOT!

There is a great tendency, among the young people of the rural districts of our own and other States, to rush to the cities. They discover a want of "elbow room" in their native villages or neighborhood—or, what is the same thing in effect, they *imagine* they do—and straightway they become dissatisfied and restive. They must be "off" somewhere. A very natural desire "to see more of life" seizes them. This may be indulged when circumstances, pecuniary and otherwise, allow of it. But whether proper to be indulged or not, in their cases, it is too frequently yielded to. Through it their views of things around are distorted in their proportions and conditions. The village grows suddenly too small, and too dull for longer endurance—the township, and even the entire country, which has hitherto been their world, has lost its enterprise and spirit. There is "nothing doing," and "nothing going *on*, any more"—and so they are resolved to "go *off*."

Now, *where* have they resolved to go? To the prairies of the West?—those already cleared fields, where villages spring up in a day, cities in a month, and States in a year or two. If yes, it is well. They may there do a noble work in assisting to lay the foundations of new empire States in the strong cement of virtue and intelligence, while finding the personal fortunes they seek. But, if they have resolved to follow the luckless tide, as it so often proves, to some city, it is more likely to prove ill—oh! how *sadly ill* thousands have found the sequel to be, of such a change!

Young woman! Are *you* thinking of coming hither? Ponder well the fate of many an innocent one who has come before you, and of whose saddening tale of disgrace and misery the local columns of the daily press are so full! If you have not pretty sure prospects of "bettering" your condition in the fullest sense of the word—that is, morally as well as pecuniarily—we would exhort you, as our sister, to "*Come not!*"

Young man! Are you *resolved* to come?—"*bound* to try it?" as the slang phrase runs. Pause, and reconsider your determination. You may do well. Hundreds have succeeded. But *thousands* have failed—failed utterly—failed woefully—failed ignobly—failed irrevocably! We tremble for you! We should like to say "Come," to all who ask us for advice, but the realities of city life warn us that it is safest generally to respond, "*Come not!*" We so say to *you*, unless you positively know that there is a good "opening" awaiting you.

FRETTING.

Of all ill habits there is none more unphilosophical than fretting. The true philosophy is to do one's duty, and leave the rest to God. Fretting will not remedy matters, if they do not go as we want them. It never got a breakfast in the kitchen. It never built a fire in the parlor. It never prepared a pleasant bed in the chamber. But it has often prevented the proper preparation and enjoyment of the first, stifled the flame of the second, and rendered the third any thing but sleep-inviting. And, as to its influence over the aforesaid culinary operation, by putting the stewing process to work in the cook's head, rather than in the pan, it has spoiled many a good viand. Nay, when that viand has, peradventure, escaped its interference in the kitchen, it has spoiled all enjoyment of it on the table!

Some people—very good people in other respects, too—make themselves utterly miserable by fretting—by fretting about smallest matters at that, while greater ones seem to give them little discomfort, let them go wrong ever so often. Well, if the consequences were confined to themselves, they would not be of so much importance. But they are not. They render the companions of the fretter, often, equally miserable.

Fretter! Take our advice for once. Cease to act as if you were old Atlas, with the world depending on you to keep it from falling and being dashed to pieces! Take life's incidents and accidents more patiently, and "as they come." In the meantime, do your best, in a rational, even-tempered way, to use or endure them. So you will have done your duty in your sphere. Fret not because you can do no more.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

Interesting spectacles were the anniversaries just held in our city. Focusses of great Christian and philanthropic enterprises, uniting in labors of humanity and love, the brave, the good, and the self-sacrificing of all ranks and classes, and having for their common aim and end the amelioration and regeneration of mankind. From every section of the country, gathering the agents and friends of Bible, Tract, Missionary, Colonization, and other world-diffusive societies, they gave us at a glance, in their reports—but a brief volume of figures in all—the grand result of a year's labor of thousands, and tens of thousands, extending to every field of benevolence and piety, and compassing the whole earth. Of pagans converted, infidels reclaimed, inebriates reformed, the godless supplied with the gospel, the suffering, of many kinds and lands, happily relieved, and the great cause of Christian civilization everywhere pushed forward towards that jubilant consummation, when earth shall be without a stain or a sorrow, and all men a brotherhood of love, knowing and serving God—of all this, these anniversaries gave a heart-rejoicing picture. Genius and enthusiasm, with humble talent and quiet faith, these had their vanguard representatives, and these found eloquent and impressive utterance over the peaceful triumphs of the year—triumphs of religion and virtue—triumphs grander far, on the record of enduring good, than the proudest victories won by armed hosts on bloody battle-field. May the era of such displays never cease, but forever broaden and brighten, until mankind shall become one Christian family, having no evil to be repressed and desiring no good that it has not already attained.

EXTENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The United States have a frontier line of more than 10,000 miles. We have a line of sea coast of 4,000 miles, and a lake coast of 1,200. One of our rivers is twice the size of the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the Hudson has a navigation 120 miles longer than the Thames. The single State of Virginia is a third larger than England. Ohio contains 5,120,000 acres more than Scotland. From Maine to Ohio is further than from London to Constantinople, and so we might go on and fill pages, enumerating distances, rivers, lakes, capes, and bays, with comparative estimates of size, power, and population.

THE COAL FIELDS OF LANCASHIRE.—It has been calculated that the available coal beds of Lancashire amount in weight to the enormous sum of 8,400,000,000 tons. The total annual consumption of this coal, it has been estimated, amounts to 3,400,120 tons. Hence it is inferred that the coal-fields of Lancashire, at the present rate of consumption, will last 2,470 years.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Who has not read "Jane Eyre?" and who has not longed to know the personal history of its gifted author? At last we have it. Poor Charlotte Bronte! So have I seen a little bird trying bravely with outspread wings to soar, and as often beaten back by the gathering storm-cloud—not discouraged—biding its time for another trial—singing feebly its quivering notes as if to keep up its courage—growing bolder in each essay till the eye ached in watching its triumphant progress—up—up—into the clear blue of heaven.

Noble Charlotte Bronte! worthy to receive the baptism of fire which is sent to purify earth's gifted. I see her in the gloomy moors of Haworth, in the damp parsonage-house—skirted by the grave-yard, sickening with its unwholesome exhalations, crushing down, at the stern bidding of duty, her gloomy thoughts and aspirations; tending patiently the irritable sick, performing cheerfully the most menial household offices; the days passing "in a slow dead march;" cheered by no mother's loving smile, or rewarding kiss; waiting patiently upon the hard, selfish, unsympathising father, who saw, one by one, his gifted daughters sink into untimely graves, for want of the love, and sympathy, and companionship for which their yearning hearts were aching.

I see these sisters at night, released from toil, when their father had retired to rest, denied the cheerful candle-light, pacing up and down, in utter darkness, the dreary little sitting-room, talking of the vacant past and present, and trying vainly to pierce the impenetrable future for one glimmering ray of hope: and as years passed on, and vision after vision faded away—alas! with those who wove them—I see Charlotte, the last survivor of that little group, pacing *alone* that desolate sitting-room; while the winds that swept over the bleak moor, and through the church-yard, and howled about the windows, seemed to the excited imagination of the lonely, feeble watcher, like the voices of her sisters shrieking to be again enfolded in her warm, sisterly embrace. Alone—*all* alone!—no shoulder to weep upon—no loving sister's hand to creep about her waist—the voices of her soul crying eternally, unceasingly, vainly—give—give—and he who gave her life, sleeping, eating, drinking, as stoically as if ten thousand deaths were not compressed, to that feeble girl, into each agonized moment.

One smiles now, when the praise of "Jane Eyre" is on every tongue, at the weary way the author's thumbed MS. travelled from publisher to publisher, seeking a resting-place, and finding none; and when at length it did appear in book-form—the caution of the sapient book-dissecting "London Athenæum" containing only "very qualified admissions of the power of the author"—also of "The Literary Gazette," which "considered it unsafe to pronounce upon an unknown author;" also at "The Daily News," which "did not review novels"—but found time soon afterwards to notice others. Mistaken gentlemen! you were yet, like some others of your class, to take off your publishing and editorial hats to the little woman who was destined to a world-wide fame, but, (and if ye have manly hearts they must have ached ere now to think of it,) not until the bitter cup of privation and sorrow had been so nearly drained to the dregs by those quivering lips, that the laurel wreath, so bravely, hardly won, was twined with the cypress vine.

Literary fame! alas—what is it to a *loving* woman's heart, save that it lifts her out of the miry pit of poverty and toil? To have one's glowing thoughts handled, twisted, and distorted by coarse fingers; to shed scalding tears over the gravest charge which can be untruthfully brought against a woman's pen; to bear it writhing in silence, and have that silence misconstrued—or, speak in your own defence, and be called unwomanly; to be a target for slander, envy, and misrepresentation, by those of both sexes who cannot look upon a shining garment without a wish to defile it—all this, a man's shoulders may be broad enough to bear, but she must be a strong *woman* who does not stagger under it.

I see Charlotte Bronte in the little parsonage parlor, at Haworth, draperied, hung with pictures, furnished at last with books from the proceeds of her own pen; and upon the vacant chairs upon which should have sat the toiling, gifted sisters, over whom the grave had closed, I see inscribed, Too late—Too late! and I look at its delicate and only inmate, and trace the blue veins on her transparent temples, and say Too late!—even for *thee*—Too late! Happiness is not happiness if it be not shared—it turns to misery. But, thank God, at last came the delirious draught of love, even for so brief a space, to those thirsting lips—but which, incredible as it may seem, the father, in his selfishness, would have dashed aside: relenting at last, he gave up this tender, shrinking flower to more appreciative keeping; but the blasts had been too keen that had gone before—the storms too rough—the sky too inclement. We read of a wedding, the happiness of which the selfish father must cloud at the last moment, by refusing, for some inexplicable reason, or no reason at all, to give away the bride in person according to Episcopal usage—we read of a short bridal tour—of a return to a love-beautified, love-sanctified home—we read of a pleasant walk of the happy pair—of a slight cold taken on that occasion—of a speedy delirium—of a conscious moment, in which the new-made bride opened wide her astonished eyes upon her kneeling husband, pleading with God to spare her precious life; and we read the heart-rending exclamation of the latter as the truth flashed upon her clouded intellect—"Oh! I am not to die *now*?—when we have been so happy?" and with streaming eyes we turn away from the corpse of Charlotte Bronte.

FANNY FERN.

TOO MUCH.

Too much of joy is sorrowful,
So cares must needs abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
Will trail upon the ground.

ALICE CARY.

"BED-ROOM LITERATURE."—An English newspaper endeavors to depreciate Fanny Fern by styling some of her productions "Bed-room Literature." The phrase has an applicability of which the English critic is not aware. Her writings which have cheered very many "Bed-Rooms," have been the solace of at least one dying bed. A few days ago, the lady in question received a letter from a neighboring State, which conveyed to her the last words of a young lady who had been won from skeptical opinions by the perusal of "Fern Leaves." "I want you," said the dying girl to a friend at her bed-side, "I want you, when death has come, to write to Fanny Fern, and tell her for me, that when I get to Heaven I will tell my Saviour that it was her book, her piece, 'The Infidel Mother,' that led me to Jesus."

HALLET AND I.

BY ALICE CARY.

We sat upon the flowery grass of June;
The westering sun had struck the hills, and bright
Fell through the woods, the fragments of his light,
And on the silver saddle of the moon
Grey evening posted out to meet the night,
Close-packed with darkness.

What it was about
I quite forget,—some trifle like the hue
Of a moth's wings, I think, but we fell out,
Hallet and I, and as all lovers do,
Made up with kisses; for the faith that's true

Doth knit his pretty blushing work anew,
Often as quarrels ravel it away.

Against Love's sweet, enthroned majesty
Experiment is treason; yet, alas!
We have our rebel moments, all of us,
When we essay to thwart and overpass
His gentle laws, and call them tyrannous.

Well, what of all? Spring still is liable
Flowers to compose for every rudest bank,
And often since that day the woods have drank
The sunset light—many a time and well
Has controversy filled the interstice
Betwixt two hearts, and ended with a kiss.

Poor questioner, not much that I can tell,
Yet this, perhaps; however saints might frown,
Were I to-day of all their shining train
The highest camped in glory, I would fain
Knead back the splendor of my heavenly crown
Into the dust, and live that hour again.

A WOMAN RIGHTED.

Happily married, and in the possession of a "nice baby," Rev. Antoinette Brown has abandoned the pulpit for the nursery—a capital proof of the healthy influence of the gospel of love. We will wager a trifle that Antoinette could now honestly confess that she enjoys every desirable woman's right. So do most of her sex, save here and there a loveless, antiquated spinster, an unhappy wife of a husband who is the "weaker vessel," and sundry editorial "old women in breeches," who, whatever the relation of the sexes, will cry *dolor* till doomsday. Happy Antoinette! She has solved the problem without draggling her crinoline in the mire of politics. She has *man*'d herself in the right way, and if she be a true, loving woman, she can command her man at her pleasure. We rejoice in her peaceful triumph and the spoils thereof. She has vindicated what we always believed in—Women's Rights.

Woman has rights—and duties, also. She has a right to be beautiful, intelligent, prudent and chaste; a right to be loved, respected and protected; a right to exercise her conjugal affections and her maternal instincts; a right to reign queen and sole mistress of our hearts. Her duties are, to nurse and nurture; to mould and educate; to love, bless, and adorn the world. She was not created to lead armies, nor fleets; nor to sway regal sceptres. Her's is "the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself." Her true sphere is the domestic—her true home and empire by our hearths and in our hearts. We boldly assert, what we believe, that there never has been since that pleasant morning when Eve blossomed in Eden, a well formed, harmoniously developed woman, who has sighed or sought for any other sphere. We doubt if there exists on the earth to-day a woman who is beautiful and healthy, loving and beloved, happy and imparting happiness, who is not entirely contented to leave Politics to men, and the Wrongs of women to be mitigated and righted by the softening and elevating influences of education and religion. Like Antoinette, love wisely and marry well, and women's rights will be secure.

THE ANXIOUS.

It is the secret wish of every man to lift up his head proudly above his neighbor's. He would supplant them, not to insult and despise them, but to be the certain, worthy, and admired possessor of much wealth, tantamount honor, and equivalent glittering appendages of life. And when men have this wish—and in this great city, God knows it is a very common one—to gain large fortunes, or high place, powerful friends or extensive interest, they must be extremely dexterous in managing all their concerns, upon every occasion, to the greatest advantage. These are the men who suffer most anxiety. For only consider how they must extend their thought into the future, consider contingent things, calculate casual events, lay long trains, chain one circumstance to another, skilfully apply their secret purposes, and confidently reckon upon adjusting everything and finishing their whole scheme as they frame it in their heads. Such men never lull themselves to sleep in security and give themselves up to disorder. Aware of the uncertainty perpetually attendant on all the affairs of life, required by the nature of things, and determined so by the will of Providence, they never set destiny at defiance and future at nought. They watch cautiously the long course of events, and dream constantly of every possible interruption. And as event succeeds event, and as their prosperity is advancing on to some real and solid good, what increased anxiety is theirs lest this state of things should not continue! or if it continue, lest it should not continue for the better! And if they should find themselves mistaken in their account—if the treasures on which they have fixed their hearts should elude their grasp—what wretched disappointment is theirs!

SHIRKS.—A shirk is defined by the lexicographers to be one who seeks to avoid his duty. The world is full of people who answer this description. They are to be met with in the public and private walks of life alike. The shirk is found in the field, the workshop, the counting-room, the legislative-hall, the court-house, and elsewhere. Even the pulpit is not always free from his presence.

WIT AND HUMOR.

PREPARED FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE, ESQ., OF THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

WE never could like either angling or anglers. An angler has been defined to be a fish-butcher, a piscatory assassin, an impaler of live worms, frogs, and flies, a great gudgeon sacrificing the best part of his life in taking the lives of little gudgeons. He cannot see a fine trout without wishing to trouble him with a line, just to say he would be very happy to see him to dinner. We think that a wise and benevolent man, engaged in angling, would be as much out of his element as the fish in his basket. But as to anglers in general, we leave them to their rod, for they deserve it.

IT is very provoking to see how constantly certain editors are in the habit of stealing the best articles they can find in their exchanges. They should at least be content to pilfer second or third-rate matter. Their betters would probably have no objection to setting apart something for their use. An old Scotch farmer sowed a field of turnips, and, appropriating a ridge to the use of the public, put up a notice, "Thieves are requested to steal from this spot."

IT is said, that when the cars upon one of the Pennsylvania Railroads were at full speed a few days ago, a flock of pigeons, in an attempt to fly across the track, were overtaken, caught under the furnace, and in five minutes were handsomely cooked. The next day a cow was caught and cooked in the same manner. If the locomotive will only put on a little more steam, perhaps she can daily catch and cook poultry and cattle enough to furnish dinners for her passengers.

AN old gentleman wishing to be at his ease on horseback, took his horse to a riding-master to be taught to amble. Two or three trials were made upon the animal with but partial success. "Zounds, sir, do you call this an amble?" said the owner. "No, sir," replied the equestrian, "I call it a pre-amble."

A MEDICAL quarrel in one of the western towns seems likely to involve the whole faculty of the neighborhood. Some of them talk of challenging. If doctors must fight, let them load their pistols with pills, and shoot at each other's open mouths. They would soon get sick of that business.

A POLITICAL editor of a village newspaper cries aloud to his party, "let your trumpets bray in the front of the battle." We think that a good many political partisans can bray well enough without the use of such instruments. The use of trumpets would be a needless expenditure of brass.

IT is stated, that in the late very spirited political canvass in England, Palmerston was indebted for much of his strength to the ladies. They were afraid that unless the Premier should be sustained in his determination to bring China to terms, their tea would be stopped by the enraged Celestials.

IT has been suggested that the culture of hemp be tried in the South. A southern editor, remarking upon the subject, says that he knows all about cotton and rice but doesn't understand hemp at all. Perhaps he may yet get the hang of it.

A TEXAS editor, in reply to the imputation of being a small craft, boasts that he "carries as many guns and draws as much water" as his assailant. Without knowing anything in particular about his habits, we fear he draws more brandy than water.

A BOILED potato was recently set on a dinner table at Chicago, which, on being opened, was found to contain a serpent. Many a serpent has been taken to the table in a bottle or decanter, and many a victim been mortally stung in consequence.

WE have heard of a great many apologies which needed to be apologized for. A man who had accused his neighbor of falsehood apologized, in these amphibological terms:—"I called you a liar—it is true. You spoke truth—I have told a lie."

A FEMALE correspondent, one of course who never saw us, suggests a condition on which she will give us a kiss. We feel in duty bound to say to her that kissing is a thing that at every proper opportunity we set our face against.

IT has been wisely said that as we cannot effect all we wish, we had better try to wish only for that which we can effect. The more we gain in life, the more we must relinquish at the close of it.

IT is said to have become the fashion of runaway wives in Kentucky to take the husband's bed with them. They have no idea of exposing themselves to be advertised as absconding from bed and board.

WHEN great people are in distress, they are apt to receive very liberal proffers of assistance from little ones. Ah! what shall I do? exclaimed a horse in a quagmire. Take hold of my tail, squeaked a pompous little mouse.

WE received a newspaper two days ago, professing to give a full account of the creation of the world. We shouldn't be much surprised if the enterprizing editor were to bring up the news in his next number to Noah's flood.

THERE are a great many counterfeits among young women as well as among men. It is almost impossible to ascertain whether they are genuine metal unless you *ring* them, and that is sometimes a hazardous experiment.

A KEEN appetite is more common with the poor than with the rich—and perhaps fortunately. It is given them that they may like what they eat, not being able, like the rich, to eat what they like.

IT is a double shame to a man to have inherited distinction from his ancestry if he bequeathes disgrace to his posterity.

CURRENT ITEMS.

SOME of the accounts of the recent battles and slaughters in China contain items of thrilling interest. In one of the skirmishes seven Chinese soldiers taking a stalwart Highlander at a disadvantage, seized and dragged him off to be murdered by inches, in order the more fully to glut their vengeance; but the brave fellow watched his opportunity, broke from his captors, tore a sword from the grasp of a foe, literally carved his way through legions of enemies, and finally safely rejoined his countrymen.

READY-MADE houses are now made and sent off to Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Kansas, with the same nonchalance as boots or cigars. One house in Cincinnati have sent out a hundred and fifty cottages on speculation. They are in small pieces to give facility in handling during transportation, but are so constructed that they can readily be put together firmly on arriving at their destination.

A very wealthy gentleman of this city was recently bitten by his dog—a large Newfoundland—which sprang upon him and tore his right cheek entirely off. The Newfoundland had been bitten some eight days before by a strange dog, but no apprehensions had been felt as to his becoming rabid. The sufferer and his family are now of course in a state of harrowing fear and suspense.

A WISCONSIN paper says there is a man in that State named Creele, who is one hundred and thirty years old. He can remember distinctly events which occurred one hundred and seventeen years ago. He is living with a grandson who is over sixty years of age. Mr. Creele is unquestionably entitled to the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

A COUPLE of gentlemen named Herring and Endy went out hunting in Mississippi; and the former getting behind a log, unknown to his friend, commenced imitating the cry of a wild turkey. Mr. Endy thereupon fired at the spot whence the sound issued and where he saw the grass move, and the charge hitting Mr. Herring in the mouth instantly killed him.

GREAT speculation is now going on among tea and sugar dealers, and it is thought that the prices of those articles will be run up to a high figure. The people, however, can bring the prices down at any time by omitting to use the articles for a short season.

THE last news from England brings information that the British Government are determined to prosecute the war against China with the utmost energy and severity, and that they will seize and hold a large portion of the tea-growing district.

THE last news from Utah is most harrowing. It seems that women are there constantly and cruelly persecuted by remorseless Mormon "deacons" and "bishops" whose morality would shame a Turk, and the officers of the United States are openly insulted and set at defiance.

THERE is a great excitement in New Jersey, near Paterson, in regard to the finding of pearls in the streams thereabouts, valued at from twenty-five cents to twenty-five thousand dollars a piece.

THE Western newspapers say that peaches, pears, apples, and other fruits, promise abundantly in those regions; that they will have enough for themselves, and plenty to spare for their Eastern brethren—at high prices.

THERE recently arrived in this city, on one morning, by the Hudson River boats, twenty-seven thousand barrels of flour and sixty-two thousand bushels of wheat.

THE oyster trade of Baltimore amounts to nearly a million of dollars annually.

EARLY RISING.
THE TWO GODDESSES.
From the German.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Arouse, wight, and with sights rejoiced
That the morlark also serv'd, to her love were blind.
And thus arose who had presided her with musical lay
Were she from forget or slumber her eyes unclose.
—Thus Memnon fabled her close to her breast
The agonized parent, with grief-drooping head;
Nor sighed, nor wept, but with fixed gaze of sight,
Yet still their cold eyes to the beams of light,
Are spread in reception, to cast away
The monster of life, and the gods of day;
So, not for those, but my mourning rest
Pierces their host of a noiseless sand,
The stillness of age, by fairies rejoices abroad,
Breaks from the cloth of the sleeping land,
And sends thy generous gifts to taste
Unknown'd by their slumbered waste.
Then, when the sun in his glory rises,
Kisses her head as she turns to go,
And she enlarges balm, with his clear, blue eye,
Bathe into laughter, it throws on way.
Lovely and innocent hearts are thine,
Beautiful sister, then why repine?
—Thou, who dost guide with thy dewy hand
Thou and true to their bridal kind,
And bear the worship that rises thine
From new born blossom, and chirping nest,
Hasten to beauty and bliss to thine,
Beseeching Goddess, then why repine?

So Aurora returned to the morning skies,
Content with the love of the good and the wise,
And while her successor there other past,
She heard the wreaths from her car she cast;
Why weary fair one who reads my strain
Her tokens there are her friendship gain.

THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

A TALE OF

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE."

BY DR. S. P. BRONSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REVIEW OF THE BEAR GUARD.

"The widow refuses to let us have him, eh?" said Don Jerome to the Viceroy, in the evening, as they sat in the cabinet.

"Firmly," answered the prince, with a sigh. "Nay, she even affects to consider the request tantamount to an insult."

The superintendent of the treasury reflected, and then prudently observed—

"It is a shame to immure a promising young fellow in a position so obscure, when he has in him the materials of success in a higher sphere; and the selfishness that would restrain him from rising should be punished."

"We must not make war upon women!" said the Viceroy. "Let us bide our time, and see what fortune will bring to us."

"And in the meanwhile, the crafty, indefatigable, knavish Catalina will have opportunity for ruin!"

"It much be the will of fate, old friend, we must submit."

"Bah! brave men will their own destinies! As for me, I'll not yield till I am knocked on the head beyond the help of surgery! But how about the varlet, Pe—Pe—— what's his name?"

"Pepillo?"

"Has he yet been found?"

"Yes," returned the Viceroy, with a quiet smile. "He was brought here an hour ago, and is now below in the custody of two sbirri."

"Then I have an idea. Call him up."

From his lodgings, the man in gray, trembling with terror, had been carried by two men and locked up without word or question for forty-eight hours, when his door opened once more, and he was then appeared in the centre of a semi-circle of six guards and ordered him to come forth. He obeyed, and was met at the end of the passage by two other officers who blindfolded him, led him to a carriage, and conveyed him to the palace. Here the bandage was removed, and he beheld himself sitting between two alguazils in a small, dimly-lighted room.

"Holy St. Catherine!" he murmured, with a pitiful sigh, "are you going to let your poor pettito be murdered? If you will take me out of this I'll vow a vow to give you two candles one day for a month, to my nothing of a fat chicken for the pious priest who shall say mass at your altar on your natal day!"

About an hour after this sacred promise, a page entered and made a sign to the alguazils to depart anon, and each taking an arm of the prisoner, led him up by a private staircase.

St. Catherine—St. Catharine!" muttered the man in gray, unconsciously as to whether the two candles and the chicken! O, if you have any how-ever, don't let them torture me!"

They had now reached the landing at the head of the staircase, which was lighted by three small triangular lamps suspended by three chains from the ceiling.

The man in gray flinched himself on his way to the star-chamber of the ministers of justice, where, as at the inquisition, prisoners who could not think of crimes had they had or had not committed, had their memories refreshed by the stimulating influence of the rack.

"*Three* candles and *two* chickens!" he silently suggested to St. Catharine.

The door of an ante-room on the right, suddenly opened, and the man-at-arms's heart sank within him.

"It is all over!" he muttered with a piteous sigh.

The alguazils felt that he was sinking, and exchanging a smiling glance placed their arms under his shoulders to support him.

"Four candles—*six*, and *three* chickens!" cried the prisoner, with a frantic fervor that was at its height.

"Courage!" whispered the alguazils, who began to fear that he was losing his senses.

The inner door opened, and Pepillo's legs, so exhilarating, the shrieks which at each step, and his cadaverous hair hanging down with cold sweat upon his forehead, was borne forward to the centre of the apartment.

"Go!" said the Viceroy, waving his hand to the alguazils, who bowed profoundly and withdrew.

On hearing that mild voice, which he recognized, the ex-valet, coupling it with the well-known appearance of its owner for justice, suddenly felt an unnerving sense of security, and on looking up and perceiving in the place of his dreaded judges, the gentlemen that his friend and cosigned up, two heroic valets-familiar gentlemen, who were not a circular table, it was marvellous how suddenly his courage returned, and how grateful he was to St. Catharine, though he was quite confident that her favor was entirely owing to the temptation of his first offer, which, indeed, what saint could resist?

"So, varlet," began the superintendent of the treasury, carefully scanning the new recruit from head to foot, "we have you at length—ah! Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Not much, my lord," modestly answered the man in gray, who, now that his fears for his life were removed, was himself again. "I am a poor, worthless fellow, and the less I *say* about myself, the better."

This he thought a sub rosa remark, till he should understand why he was brought before his quondam master.

"The rascal has wit!" whispered the superintendent to the Viceroy.

The latter nodded, and inquired—

"What is your idea?"

"*You will learn that directly. At present I am reviewing our rear guard!*"

"What do you follow for a living?" he said to the ex-valet.

"Nothing in particular, my lord," returned the latter, fumbling with his hat.

"The truth, varlet!" said the superintendent in a tone that made him start.

"I live upon my wits."

"Which furnish you with rather scant wages, if one may judge from your appearance!" said the superintendent, sarcastically.

"I should be better off, my lord, were it not for the careful reply.

"You will learn that *directly*. *At present I am reviewing our rear guard!*"

kept with little or no food for forty-eight hours, without being conscious of any guilt, you would feel sharp, also!"

"Silence, knave!"

"I am dumb, my lord!" answered Pepillo, who was sensible that he had nothing to fear.

"In whose service are you?"

"Pepillo Escalante's."

"Who is he?"

"Your humble servant, my lord."

The superintendent looked over the smiling games with the Viceroy.

"St. Catharine his favors in store for me!" muttered the man in gray. "I smell 'em!"

"Suppose," said the superintendent, "your service should be wanted by a respectable party who is both able and willing to enable you to lead an honest life, what then?"

"The lady is grateful for the five candles," muttered Pepillo. "I wonder how it would be if I should make the five, ten! But we mustn't be too hasty. May it please you, my lord," he said aloud, "to be kind enough to give a hint, your question in words me to the hour. I had an honest life already!"

"Ah! I was not aware of that!" said the superintendent, drily. "The minister of police, who has you recorded very differently, must be mistaken, then!"

"I very much fear, my friend Pepillo," muttered the ex-valet to himself, "that we are too well remembered here. We are all human, all liable to error, my lord!" he answered, modestly. "I presume that the excellent minister of police must have mistakenly acquainted with me, he would see the propriety of giving me a better character. Your lordship, for instance, who, though doubtless a scrupulously honest gentleman, has yet not accomplished your wishes to your perfect satisfaction. No later than the morning of the day previous to my arrest, I heard your mistress say, in a highly wondering how much you and the tax-collector quietly put aside for yourselves every year without any body being the wiser. Your lordship there is of course no truth in this; yet to be calumniated is the fate of high station!"

The superintendent, whose proudest boast was that he was descended of a pure race, could not stoop to anything low or vile, turned red as scarlet with virtuous indignation.

"My name handled among the rabble of the market!" he exclaimed, glancing furiously at his companion. "Sir!"

"Patience!" returned the latter, with a quiet smile. "There may not be a word of truth in it. This varlet, whose impudence I am familiar with, has been drawing upon his invention."

"As I hope to survive, your excellency——"

"Silence—silence, knave!" interrupted the Viceroy, with his usual temperament. "We have given you before!"

"We are understood here!" muttered the ex-valet to himself, feeling very uncomfortable at the conviction. "His excellency has more brains than the superintendent!"

"How dare you, varlet, take such a liberty with me?" demanded the latter, with a threatening gesture.

"The fact is, my lord," returned Pepillo, relying upon his wit to carry him through, "I simply brought up this fact to illustrate how easily men may be mistaken when forming their opinion of others. If high official station, with all its dignity and power to surround it, is not a sufficient to prosecute from suspicion, how then must it be with a poor unfortunate like myself, whose reputation is without such defences, and may be assailed with impunity by whoever is prompted to it by interest, idle gossip, or revenge?"

"Do you mean to assert, knave, for a truth, that the minister of police dared to act upon such a question?" demanded the superintendent, sternly.

"I do, my lord!" replied the ex-valet, with an assurance that even surprised himself.

"I sin must be seen to," cried the superintendent.

"He shall be!" observed the Viceroy, who also had an idea.

He blew a small silver whistle, and an attendant entered.

"Call the minister of police," said the prince.

The ex-valet became alarmed at the probable consequences of his falsehood.

"Permit me to add, my lord," he said, hastily, "that the parties to whom I referred, numbered only two."

"Their names!" asked the Viceroy.

This interrogatory was meant to embarrass him.

The man in gray, however, was equal to the emergency.

"Oh! my lord," he replied, with his customary confidence, "now you are indeed too much for me. While passing through the market I simply overheard two vegetable-dealers—I knew them were two by the variation in their voices—jokingly commenting as I had the honor to inform your lordship. But who they were, I did not turn to see; for my thoughts were on my own business, which was to purchase a few green onions for a lean, half-starved mule that I had bargained for a few short days before."

"Call the minister of police!" repeated the Viceroy, who felt satisfied that every word of this was unquestionably true.

"I am in a fair way to exposure and punishment," muttered the man in gray. "It is the part of true wisdom to submit to the exposure for the purpose of avoiding the punishment. The fact is, your highness," he said, with a sly smile, "the market scene was merely an illustration, suggested at the moment, of what ought be said in reference to my person in authority by impudent, meddlesome knaves who have nothing better to do than to find fault with their betters and malign their characters!"

"Go!" said the Viceroy, who had worked out his idea.

The attendant bowed and retired.

"We have been detected in ill and forced to confess!" said the ex-valet to himself, with a deep blush. "To tell a lie is nothing; but to be found out is humiliation! I could not go lower!"

"What shall I do with this varlet?" demanded the superintendent.

"Set him free!" answered the Viceroy. "I leave him in your hands."

"Your highness's intention to give you a caning, sounded?" exclaimed the superintendent.

"Yes, my lord," answered Pepillo, "and the man in gray, modestly fumbling his hat, "but great minds are too magnanimous to avail themselves of their power to punish the base-born. I shall not be for your lordship to hurt the back of a poor fellow like myself!"

"Dwells there such another impudent varlet in Spain?" said the superintendent, glancing at the Viceroy.

The latter answered with a dry shrug.

"I have often noticed that the insurance was the more popular than otherwise with the haughty monarchs, and never by any means intimidated at that worthy's seeming rage.

"You appear to have so much talent for hearing what never was said," observed the superintendent, "that it would not be surprising if you could trace whence you have derived your existence, to his nurses!"

The Viceroy relished up his ears. He began to comprehend his friend's idea.

"I have often questioned this more difficult, my lord," returned Pepillo, whose ready wit enabled him to understand that he was being sounded preparatory to an engagement, and to answer accordingly. It was advisable to be on the alert.

"Your highness's pardon," suggested the superintendent.

"And vast, my lord," added the ex-valet: "two qualities which I can *safely say*, without boasting, are the main ingredients of my nature."

"That is not every body who could truthfully say that!" said the prince, with a sly smile. "But it is not every body who could without such defences, and may be assailed with impunity by whoever is prompted to it by interest, idle gossip, or revenge."

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"Perhaps so," said the prince, coldly, who, notwithstanding, was pleased with the reply.

"Suppose," said the superintendent, "that a friend of mine disturbed by a suspicion that a person, or persons, were trying to supplant him in the confidence of another person, should feel desirous to be conducted of the fact, and should call upon you in your wisdom, advise him to adopt.

"The simplest course perhaps, upon whose genius he can rely, to ferret out the truth," replied the ex-valet, modestly looking down.

"A genius like your own, for instance?" said the superintendent, drily.

"I flatter myself I should be able to give him a satisfactory report, my lord!" replied Pepillo, with the air of a man who feels that he must fish up and be spirited when his abilities are called in question.

THE DUEL BETWEEN LEON AND THE MARQUIS DE SORRANO.

"What if I were to put your boasted skill to the test?" demanded the superintendent, in the mingled tone of one threatening, and yet in doubt. "You would come in, after a time, to the case of your varlet's lie, and confess that you had spoken *au frank*?"

"I think whether depend upon the man I was serving, my lord," said the ex-valet.

"What would that have to do with it, sirrah?"

"Everything, my lord. There are some whom men of my disposition would not care to work for. For such, I should take no pains; indeed would be certain to take only such as would give them satisfaction and dispatchment; not because they might not be good men, but because I could feel no interest in them, and would see none to see them fall as vise. Whereas, if it was for one who pleased me——"

"What then?" demanded the superintendent.

"I would, if needs be, go barefoot round the world to serve him; would accomplish the task he gave me in hand, though it were to creep through eyes holes, and risk every pointed in Spain; and as to coming back, I never would set foot in his presence till I could lay before him all the secrets of his enemy."

"Fifty varlet, that is talking like a hero. But what if this enemy should detect you in your task, and sift you, so did his excellency here but now, could find

as I'm a starving man, I'll to my lodgings and to supper, adieu!"

"The *rear guard* is drunk with the fortune he sees before him!" said the superintendent, in an undertone. "But your highness is pale?"

"I doubt that Leon were not the son of the Count de Vega?" returned the Viceroy, gloomily.

CHAPTER XIV.

SHOWING HOW THE MARQUIS WENT OUT ON HIS NET AND RETURNED HOME ON HIS BACK.

Leon sat moodily—that is to say, just as day was breaking, and hurriedly completed his toilet. He had slept but little during the night, and hence was not so bright as usual. Though pale, however, he young, well-formed nerves were firm as steel. His pencil his character while meditating upon his brief interview with his late mistress, and scarcely giving a thought to the insolent master, whom he was so soon to meet in deadly conflict. Glancing at length through the window and perceiving that the sun was beginning to impurple the sky with its early beams, he rose on his head the scabbard with a calm, steady step to the place of meeting.

The marquis was already upon the ground, and impatiently awaiting him.

"You are late, master secretary!" he observed, with a cold sneer.

"I am early enough for your purpose!" returned Leon, drawing himself of his hat, shoulder cloak and scabbard, so as to give himself full play; as an example which the marquis failed to imitate, and quite, whose bearing was proud and supercilious.

In a few moments both were ready.

"And now, my lord," continued Leon, allowing the blade of his rapier to rest on the ground and the *hilt* hanging of his left arm, "ere we engage, I should be glad of an explanation of yesterday's outbreak. It is unnecessary of having and if we come sought to search *no grace* and ungentlemanly an affront!"

"Ha! does your heart fail you already?" demanded the marquis, with a sneer.

"That will be seen presently," replied Leon, restraining himself. "But I regard it as due both to your rank and mine, that you should not be the man enough to state why you have found it consistent with the honor of a nobleman to offer this quarrel upon me?"

"*Your rank!*" returned the marquis with a scornful laugh. "We shall have valets, butlers, and footmen talking of their honor next!"

Leon turned with impatience, and his eyes kindled.

"You have no nice sense of the delicacy which becomes a Spanish gentleman," he said, disdainfully, "and it is idle to appeal to that in you not possess. You are one of that numerous order of low minds that have to be taught what is due to others by punishment. I owe you, then, a little! I carry you of your star of nobility which you have none to carry, the sword of honor!"

There paused, and the marquis was bleeding in the left shoulder.

Five paces, and on his left breast appeared a crimson spot, which soon lengthened with running blood, in the form of a saint.

Four paces, and he was touched in the right shoulder.

Five points, and he was pierced in the right breast.

He became wild, fierce, confused.

Four points, and the fleshy part of his sword-arm was red from a sharp puncture.

Five paces, and his rapier was flying through the air, and himself staggering like a drunken man to the earth.

"My heaven's lightning wither your arm!" he exclaimed, raising himself on his hands and looking up at his conqueror with a malignant glare; "may your sword give it life be attacked with homicides, all your hopes be frustrated, your days prolonged till every white hair shall be a living witness of a separate shame, and your last hour foam with the bitter cup of contrition! Curse—die—Antiappointment!" And he dropped insensible upon the grass, the shade of a neighboring tree barely allowing a shade of tenderness to the cheek of his brow.

"Wheugh!" cried an invisible voice. "With what a healthy hatred some men spit out their hile!"

Turning in the direction of the sound, Leon beheld the Count de Peres emerging from a small, adjoining copse.

"You have maintained your reputation, senor, as the first swordsman of the province!" continued the cavalier, approaching. "Such pinking I have not seen since the days of Don Quixote!"

"You witnessed the fight, Count?" said Leon, inquiringly.

"From first to last, from behind you friendly clump, which I reached some five minutes ere my servant followed me!" returned the count. "And are you are wondering how I came to know you were in need. Your quarrel at the promenade was, exceedingly, trusted throughout Toledo. So much for the boy. But I had an inkling of it also from Sorbano himself, who would have given me, I have no act as his friend in the affair. But, no matter. I do not ever with him, and have only no one to thank for it but himself."

"Perhaps," said Leon, as he drew on his cloak and hat, "you can inform me why I was forced into this conflict?"

"I could do so," answered the count; "but unhappily the secret is not mine. It was mentioned to me in confidence by a lady friend of mine, who was which closed my lips, or I should take great pleasure in laying it before you."

"I, of course, could not ask you, senor, to do an act that would be unworthy of a Spanish cavalier. But as I am now in your debt for your services, would be a relief to understand the foundation upon which my enemy based his conduct, that I may have for me an unpleasant remembrance. If, therefore, you could confer on me the favor or possession of the fact, whose honor would not suffer in imparting it, I should feel myself under an obligation which it both a pleasure and ability to acknowledge."

"I should be happy to give you the name of such party, senor; but it is not in my power. I am not even at liberty to say that I am known to any one but myself. But why I ask you a question?"

"Do you seriously propose to leave Toledo?"

"The very day, senor."

"Another question, senor. Is this decision the result of the unfortunate affair of this morning, or was it quite prior?"

"It has been the deliberate resolve of many days."

"Senor, you too precipitates!" muttered the count to himself. "See what it is to be in love, senor!" he, joined, after ever knew wisdom to reside in the brain of a man mad enough to run after a woman! Enough, senor," he said, aloud; "I asked only for the satisfaction of a thought, and believe me when I add that I regret that I am not at liberty to free your mind from the uncertainties which your ignorance upon this point can fill to make permanent. But you are what time no —hour!"

"I respect your scruples, Count, and thank you for your good will. May I, in taking my adieu, solicit a favor at your hands?"

"It is granted or asked, senor."

"It is this, Count: That you will see or send word to the relatives of this man of whose his body may be found, and also of how and by whom he fell?"

"With great pleasure, senor."

"Many, many thanks! Farewell!" Then planning at the corpse of his late antagonist, he murmured, "I never shed blood before!" and took his departure with a weary heart.

"A noble fellow!" mused the count, looking after him; "and with a soul above his station. That the hate of such a man should be clouded by so worthless and unimportant a thing as a woman! But it is ever thus. Fortune, the impudent jilt, takes a special delight in tormenting the good and brave, through the medium of pettiness and spite. who have been at the bottom of all human trouble since the world began. What a blessing it would be, if they could only be withdrawn to another planet, and—kept there! If I were a grand vizier of such, I'll wager I would soon be a prime favorite with the people's nobleman—never for an hour! Ah, well, it is not for me to grieve that the world is not governed as I would have it, and that I am like their chief danger. Let one of them but once turn her dark eyes upon a man, and the fellow forth not worth the food he consumes. From a sensible man he degenerates into a pulling lackbrain; companion-sense, and despises it! Was not a celestial creature under the lady's casement; yours me lady in opinion of perfection, and yet, when she has

THE POET'S BANQUET.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

As in wine and music the midnight goes,
And the wind sings low to the sleeping rose,
A star comes out in the clouds above,
And smiles like a sleepless spirit of love.

Alone in the heaven and strangely light
It stands in the boundless gloom of night,
Though the clouds rush by in a shadowy train,
And the pine trees shrink from the wind and rain.

The music faints in the crowded heart,
And the lamps burn low and the guests depart,
And the flowers that watched with a drooping grace,
All faded, fall from each fragrant vase.

The poet stands in the glimmering light,
And gazes afar through the gloomy night
With a flushing cheek and a fiery eye,
As the train of tempests goes rushing by.

The storm-bell tolls from the distant cloud,
And the winds go past in a wailing crowd;
But no flashing fires on the sky are viewed—
The star is alone in the solitude.

The poet gazes again and again
On the star that stands in the gloom and rain;
Then turns to the banquet's lonely scene
With a weary step and a troubled mien.

He raises the chalice of crimson wine,
And murmurs above its Circean shine:
"My star! the truest and brightest star!"
And flings the cup he has drained afar.

The tempests hush and the clouds all part,
And a silence falls in the poet's heart,
While an angel floats from her smiling mates,
And bears him away to the star that waits.

THE LEIGHS.

A LIFE LEAF BEFORE UNWRITTEN.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Imagine a fair rural scene, a broad fertile valley, glorious in summer hues. A stream with many a capricious curve, ripples and prattles along its gravelly bed, through the midst of this valley, whirling in miniature eddies, or leaping up to lave the white, gleaming sands upon its narrow beach. There are clumps of noble trees, and alders and flowering vines, and plants that love the water-side; there are deep verdant dells, and brown slopes of pasture land, and yellow wheat fields, and green rows of the Indian corn rustling its long pennons in the soft breeze. There are fat kine, with great, gentle eyes, that have sought the brook, and stand lazily in the shade, while the water ripples against their sleek sides. There is a distant sound of voices that tells that human habitation is near, and a blue curling smoke-wreath above the low trees of yonder grove that points out its locality—the song of the cricket and the grasshopper, the tinkle of the bells from among the herd, are the only sounds beside. High hills shut in the valley, whose sides are resting places for brown shadows, and whose heads repose lovingly against the encircling sky that stoops to the embrace.

Over all the scene is quietness and peace, and the two human figures that walk in its midst do not mar the pleasant impression. Slowly they face the green banks of the stream—the youth's arm encircles the maiden's waist, so slender and pliant, her pretty hand rests upon his broad shoulder, the pedestal of a noble head. They are not talking; they are silent and happy in the sweet egotism of love, that expanded egotism which adds the "other me" to ourself, and fills and peoples the whole world thus, thinking only of themselves and the fullness of their joy.

To-morrow they are to be married, and now they are taking the last of those long quiet rambles among the peaceful and lovely scene in which the maiden's life had been spent. The influence of those scenes had been around her all her life, she had grown to be like them—fair, and quiet, and lovely. Her lover had come from the great city, from amidst its rush, and din, and clamor; from amidst the wild clashing of human passions, and the fierce onset of the greed of gain, and the wily strifes of the lust of power. He was like his fellows there—here his soul became gradually attuned to the harmonies of nature, for his was a restless, changeful spirit of plastic material, ready to take fashioning from any mould, ready to yield to any influence the most immediately powerful.

The maiden believed him to be all and what he seemed. And so he was *then*—his gentleness, his peacefulness, his talk of aims and hopes were to him then just as real as the footprints they were leaving in the white brook sands. The waves would soon wash them away, and so would the torrent of active, writhing life obliterate the impressions he had taken from the quiet scenes amidst which he had lingered in a strange content for many weeks. Happy had it been for him and that sweet girl could he have remained forever in the peaceful valley!

Out of that silent trance of happiness the horn that summoned to the household supper aroused them. They hastened their steps homeward, for the maiden would not fail to sit this evening beside her white-haired father at his plentiful board. The place had been hers for twenty years of infancy, and childhood, and womanhood. Soon it would be vacant, but not until she was far away.

It was a very silent meal. The laborers at the foot of the table spoke together in low voices, modulated with an instinctive delicacy to an accord with the sadness which pervaded their superiors. The lover talked gaily until, chagrined at meeting no response, he, too, subsided into silence. But Martha Gladstone could not speak. The nice things with which her mother heaped her plate choked her, the tearful glance of those loving eyes penetrated her soul with remorse at the thought of leaving such a friend for the home and love of one all untried—of leaving loneliness where she had so long brought light and joy.

Very solemn and tender was the father's kiss that night upon the brow of his daughter, as he blessed her at the last evening parting beneath his roof. And when she had laid down for the last time in the little white bed, her mother came, stealing in in the darkness, to whisper those loving and lingering farewells, amid tears and sighs, for which there would be no other quiet hour. Both the father and mother were very sad at this parting, in truth, for they had penetrated the superficial character of Amadeus Leigh, and felt many an undefined, though not less agonizing fear, for the future of their beloved child. Nevertheless, they had consented, because they saw her happiness was deeply involved, and because they could point at no one incident in the career of Amadeus Leigh to justify their fears.

In the morning there was a wedding in the old farm-house, and, followed by a shower of congratulations, Amadeus Leigh and Martha, his wife, were borne away from the fair scene wherein their love had that summer had its birth.

Away to the great city they went, and then with a gay company of the friends of the bridegroom, his dashing sisters and their attendant beaux, all disposed to find amusement in the country breeding of the bride, but doing homage inevitably to her gentle loveliness, they proceeded on their bridal tour. And so for many weeks Martha lived in a wild whirl of excitement, seeing much and learning much that was new, and brushing off the down of her rustic simplicity in crowded hotels and ball-rooms.

Very glad was she to return, at last, to the place which was henceforth to be her home, to settle down as she fondly imagined to the society of her husband, which truly was all she desired on earth. To be mistress of her own house, and such a house, with immense and lofty rooms, so unlike the low chambers of her maiden home, to sit at the head of her own table, with only her husband opposite, to have him all her own again—that would have been enough for her happiness. She knew little of the great world, and the glimpses she had gained of it during her summer pleasuring had not won her to love it.

But Leigh was made of other stuff. He had secured his prize, he had exhibited it to the gay world of the watering places, and, when the "season" commenced in town, would exhibit it to the gay world there. Now that there was an interregnum in the realm of fashion between sight-seeing and traveling, and the opera and parties, he was very willing to return to his old habits. His house was still a little better to him than a place to dine and sleep in—there was a novelty in having a house, and he loved to think when he was out, haunting the places he had been wont to frequent in his bachelorhood, that he could go to home and Martha when he was weary. Still he had not courage to face the ridicule which he knew would follow any detection of domestic tendencies.

While he frequented the clubs, and rode, and betted, and drank and played a little, Martha sat at home receiving the guests who called upon her—the friends of her husband's family who felt obliged to "take up" the little country girl, whom Amadeus Leigh had made his wife, because the circle in which the Leigh's moved was a good one, and the bride had been installed in a fine house, and would probably give parties. It was nothing to them, though much to poor Martha, that they had not an idea in common with her. And while she sat silent and constrained, with an expression of perplexity or weariness upon her fair countenance, her guests rattled away in sentences that might have been Greek to her as well, so little meaning did they often convey to her ear. The phraseology and nomenclature of fashionable life were as strange to her ear, as those of her rural home in the dear New England valley would have been to theirs.

Sometimes Martha walked or rode with the sisters or mother of her husband—dashing women of expensive habits, who sneered at the plainness of her tastes, and at her unconcealed dismay at their extravagance. In family conclave they voted her a simpleton and a dowdy, but hoped she might improve.

So Martha, even in the first months of her marriage, saw many lonely and some unhappy hours. Sometimes she felt that her mother's fears had been verified, and that she had chosen unwisely—not that her love for her husband had lessened—not that she had yet learned to doubt his devotion, but that she felt a growing belief that she should never accustom herself to the uncongenial associations by which she was surrounded. But all these feelings fled away at the sound of her husband's footsteps, and with his kiss upon her brow and lip they were all forgotten.

The winter passed in a round of gaiety. Simple Martha Gladstone, as the bride of Amadeus Leigh, exerting herself to please for her husband's sake, and that his family might not blush for her simplicity, became a belle and was toasted as the beauty of the season. Amadeus deemed himself a lucky fellow, as his friends told him every day that he was, and his family were even proud of her, and were very ready when a stranger inquired "who is that very lovely woman," to answer—"My daughter, or my sister, Mrs. Amadeus Leigh."

Summer saw Martha once more installed beneath the humble but dear roof of her old home. Leigh brought her there, and then went away to seek his pleasure in his wonted summer haunts. Not even Martha's presence could bring him the last summer's contentment amidst those quiet scenes now. He came often to see her, but as she was not strong enough to roam with him about the country, he soon grew weary and went his way again.

Thus it happened that when, in the darkness of a summer midnight, there was heard the wail of an infant in the old house, which had not echoed with such a sound in more than twenty years, the father was far away among his boon companions on some wild excursion, which Martha had vainly urged him to give up. There were hurry, and confusion, and the sound of sobs, and white tearful faces in the old house when the morning broke, for the mother was sinking rapidly, and it was feared that her sweet young life was to be exchanged for that of the little unconscious stranger by her side. With the first glimmer of the dawning a mounted messenger rode in hot haste along the valley road, speeding with the sad tidings in search of him whose place was vacant beside the couch of suffering.

A day and night of sad and fearful suspense followed. Then another day of watching wore to a close, and just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills Amadeus Leigh galloped into the court-yard. Martha heard the sound through the opened windows, and for the first time for many hours her eyes opened. He hurried in, and up the stairs with impatient bounds. His garments all travel-stained and dusty, his face haggard, his eyes bloodshot, his cheek pale with dread. He came in, he approached the bed, and a smile bright and glorious beamed over the white face that for hours had worn the stillness of death. He knelt down and kissed the pale lips and the soft hands too feeble to return the caress, and murmured words of tenderness, and prayers for forgiveness, and promises of future care into the ear that before had seemed unconscious of all sounds.

From that hour Martha recovered, for the beloved voice had recalled her from the very gates of death. In a few days she could smile upon her little one as it nestled in baby contentment in those gentle arms that had encircled her own infant form.

As soon as the danger was past, and Martha fairly convalescent, Leigh was impatient to begone once more. The quiet and monotony of the sick chamber were irksome to him. He did not like to look upon Martha's pale face, and the little pink and white bundle of flannel and cambric had no charms for him. He could not be persuaded to take his baby in his arms, and when a cry came from the cradle where it lay he stopped his ears and rushed from the house. It gave Martha no surprise, then, when, long before she was able to leave her room, he talked of the necessity of keeping his engagement of joining his mother and sisters at Saratoga.

"He didn't see that he was of any use to her, she could not be in better hands than her mother's, and he might as well be off." Martha acquiesced, as she had learned to do, but loud were the indignant comments of Mrs. Gladstone, when one fine morning, he kissed his wife, patted the little pink cheek in the cradle and strode away, whistling, across the fields to catch the stage that passed along the valley-road.

Mrs. Gladstone had distrusted Amadeus Leigh before, now she had lost all confidence in him, and, had hate not been impossible to her gentle nature, would have hated him. She would do what she called "speaking her mind," and Martha, who could not quietly hear her husband blamed, was almost glad to leave the once happy home of her childhood and return once more to the city. An almost imperceptible coolness, arising perhaps out of her dread of her mother's jealous comments upon Leigh's conduct, arose between herself and those who had been for the first twenty years of her life her best and dearest friends. There was a long, weary lapse of time ere she again entered those doors. Her eldest born was a lad of fifteen when for the first time, since he was borne over it in his nurse's arms, he crossed the threshold of the old farmhouse.

Those fifteen years had been full of trial, of the bitterest and sharpest sorrows to Martha Leigh. The few first years of her misery were gilded over with luxury. Gemmed tiaras shone above a brow throbbing with secret anguish, rich silks rustled to the beatings of a heart oppressed with a thousand anxious fears.

We have seen how superficial and restless was the nature of Amadeus Leigh. The creature of impulse, with no purpose except in the achievement of his own selfish enjoyments, he was ready to be led into any path that promised pleasure, or what to him, early jaded by luxury and dissipation, took its place—excitement; and yielded always unresistingly to whatever force was strongest. His love for Martha Gladstone had been a sudden impulse, caused by the sight of her rare and gentle beauty. The same impulse led him to make her his wife, although an hour's reflection might have shown him how utterly uncongenial were his own habits and modes of life with those of the country maiden.

Her influence enthralled him a little time, and then he went back to his old pursuits. It took no long time for Martha to discover that her husband was an idle, reckless spendthrift. Afterward other revelations quickly followed, and she found that at the gaming table, and on the turf, and the other nameless haunts of dissipation he had lost a great portion of the splendid fortune his father had bequeathed him.

Martha was the mother of three children when they were forced to leave the house which had been her home since her marriage. She had been married five years then, and on the day they removed to a smaller and far more humble residence, she looked at her husband as he sat moodily in the small parlor and noted the change that had been wrought in him by the life he had led. The bloated face and tremulous hands told the secret of a growing love of strong drinks—there was the keen, greedy, watchful eye of the gambler, and a more than the olden restlessness that showed too plainly that he had lost all relish for a quiet life.

He was going very fast in the downward road, and Martha's visions of the future were very gloomy though she dreamed not of the half that was in store for her. She had hoped to have once more influenced him to right effort, for in their lowly fortunes they seemed drawn nearer each other than before; but her hope proved vain. For a little, a very little time he listened to her tender pleadings, he looked upon his children, and for their sake and for hers resolved to do some deed for the retrieval of their fortunes. But the temptation of the first glass came—a long debauch followed and washed away forever the memory of his feeble resolutions.

Ruin, and despair, and disgrace followed swiftly. The grasp of poverty grew closer and more chill. Martha toiled, and saved, and eked out the pittance left of their fortune to the last, making much of the fitful bounties of the Leighs—crumbs from the table of their luxury—but what can a mother do with four little ones (and Martha had four now) clamoring for the supply of all their wants? Added to these cares were those caused by the man who called her wife—a poor creature, too lazy to work, but not to deal out blows and curses in his household—too proud to beg, but not to steal the pittance won by his wife's toil, or conveyed to her from those in the old home who mourned her fate, and compassionated her sorrows.

Sometimes Leigh would absent himself for weeks and months from the poor home that sheltered his family. These absences came to be blessed oases in Martha's weary pilgrimage—brief seasons of peace if not of rest—for her there was no longer any rest. During one of these absences Martha heard the tidings of her father's death. She mourned for him, sorrowing that she had not been near to receive his last blessing, and to close his eyes.

Next came the tidings that she was now the inheritor of the old homestead and its broad acres. She prepared at once to journey thither with her children. And thus it was that she once more returned to the places which had known her in her joyous and beautiful youth. She had taken such precautions in her removal that she supposed Leigh would be unable to trace her. But scarcely had she become settled with her children in their new home, than he appeared upon the scene, ready, by virtue of his legal rights, to take possession of his wife's inheritance. The law did not recognize the right of a wife to her own inherited property any more than to her earnings, and Martha, whose small savings, the fruits of bitter toil, had been more than once thus legally filched from her, saw in prospect her fair inheritance and the home to which she had so gratefully brought her children, already snatched from her and transferred to the hands of those to whom her husband owed his ruin.

She had clung to him through wrong and shame, through evil report and misery, patiently and uncomplainingly. She had borne much, how much none but God and other women suffering like her, can tell, but the extreme verge of endurance had now been reached.

She sought and obtained a divorce. The property was secured to her and her children by judicial decision, and saved from the harpies of the gambling-houses and bar-rooms, whose claws were ready to grasp it. A comfortable subsistence was assigned by Martha to the unworthy Leigh, who soon after died, ending his career mournfully, but fitly, in a low drinking-house. Martha's eldest son cultivates the old farm. His mother, from whose placid brow some peaceful years have erased many a furrow worn by care and sorrow, is still at the head of the household. She is happy once more—the Past is like a dream of sorrow and fear; but the Present is full of joys and compensations.

She walks again in the long summer afternoons beside the valley-brook, drinking in great draughts of peace from the fair and beautiful scene around her. Memories arise—joyous ones of her happy youth—of the bright season of her love, and a sadder strain sighs through the melody they make among her heart-chords, but does no longer lessen its sweetness. She gazes upon the tall form by her side—a youth in the beautiful morning of his manhood, handsome as Amadeus Leigh, who lies now in his drunkard's grave, was twenty years ago; but with deep, earnest eyes, and the impulse of lofty thought and unflinching purpose upon his noble brow.

And he, with tender reverence for the mother who guided him through the perils of his unhappy youth, walks beside her, his strong arm supporting her footsteps, love beaming upon her worn face from his earnest eyes, grateful for the peaceful home in that fair valley, and sighing not for the mad excitements that led his father on to ruin.

The morning of Martha Gladstone's life was fair, clouds overcast its noontide, but its calm setting sun shining through the rainbow of her long shed tears, gives promise of a blissful future, where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

STORY OF A DOLPHIN.

There is in Africa a town called Hippo, near the sea coast; it stands upon a navigable lake, from whence a river runs into the main ocean, and ebbs and flows with the sea. Persons of all ages divert themselves here with fishing, sailing, or swimming, especially boys, whom love of play and idleness bring hither. The contest among them is who shall have the glory of swimming the farthest; and he that leaves the shore and his companions at the greatest distance, gains the victory. It happened in one of these trials of skill, that a certain boy, more bold than the rest, launched out towards the opposite shore. He was met by a dolphin, who sometimes swam before him, and sometimes behind him, and then played around him, and at last took him upon his back, then set him down, and afterwards took him up again; and thus he carried the poor frighted boy out into the deepest part, then immediately he turns back again to the shore, and lands him among his companions. The fame of this remarkable event spread through the town, and crowds of people flocked round the boy to ask him questions, and hear him relate the story. The next day the shore was lined with multitudes of spectators, all attentively contemplating the ocean and the lake. In the meanwhile the boys swam as usual, and among the rest the youth I am speaking of went into the lake, but with more caution than before. The dolphin again appeared, and came to the boy, who, together with his companions, swam away with the utmost precipitation. The dolphin, as it were, leaped and dived up and down, darting about in a thousand different convolutions. This he practised for several days together, till the people, accustomed from their infancy to the sea, began to be ashamed of their timidity. They ventured, therefore, to advance nearer, playing with him and calling him to them, while he, in return, suffered himself to be touched and stroked. Use rendered them more courageous; the boy in particular, swam by the side of him, and leaping upon his back, was carried about in that manner; thus they gradually became acquainted and delighted with each other. There seemed now, indeed, to be no fear on either side;—the confidence of one, and the tameness of the other, mutually increasing; the rest of the boys in the meanwhile surrounding and encouraging their companion. It is very remarkable that this dolphin was followed by a second, which seemed only as a spectator, and attendant on the other; for he did not at all submit to the same familiarities as the first, but only conducted him backwards and forwards, as the boys did their comrade. But what is rather surprising, this dolphin who thus played with the boys, and carried them upon his back, would come upon the shore, dry himself in the sand, and as soon as he grew warm, roll back again into the sea. Octavius Avitus, deputy governor of the province, actuated by an absurd piece of superstition, poured some precious ointment over him as he lay on the shore, the novelty and smell of which made him retire into the ocean; and it was not till after several days that he was seen again, when he recovered his strength and continued his usual playful tricks. All the magistrates round the country flocked hither to view this sight; the entertainment of them upon their arrival, and during their stay, was an additional expense, which the slender finances of this little community could ill afford, besides that the quiet and retirement of the place was utterly destroyed. It was thought proper to remove the occasion of this concourse, by privately killing the poor dolphin.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

A Malta paper says that some parts of Sicily have been lately visited by dreadful tornadoes, which have caused considerable damage to the plantations to the westward of the island, tearing up trees by the roots, and driving everything before them. In a plantation of 25,000 olive trees, only a few dozens are remaining. A similar thing occurred at our island on Friday last, between three and four P. M., at St. Antonio, Balzan, Attard, and other places to the westward. The atmosphere on a sudden became obscured, and immediately afterward blew a perfect hurricane. Some say it was the effect of a water-spout. Trees in St. Antonio gardens and in the vicinity were torn up by the roots. A sentry in his box on guard at St. Antonio was carried away, box and all, which hurt the man very much. A small child, it is said, was actually borne away in the village of Attard, and, we believe not yet heard of. Carts were literally sent into the air. A large quantity of barley prepared in a field for treading out, was all swept away, and not a grain to be seen. Two massive iron bars of the gate of St. Antonio were broken in pieces; the gate was closed, but opened by the force of the wind. The garden of Mr. Clincham adjoining St. Antonio was completely destroyed; trees rooted up, and others broken, about sixteen large stone columns smashed to pieces, and the garden strewed with straw and bits of lavender, brought from some distant place. We have not heard all the particulars relating to this affair, but we are given to understand the damages to be much greater than what have come to our knowledge. In parts of the country rain had fallen in torrents, which made the roads the following morning in some parts impassable.

"MEANING" AND "DOING" WELL.

It is natural to mean well, when only abstracted ideas of virtue are proposed to the mind, and no particular passion turns us aside from rectitude; and so willing is every man to flatter himself, that the difference between approving laws, and obeying them, is frequently forgotten; he that acknowledges the obligations of morality, and pleases his vanity with enforcing them to others, concludes himself zealous in the cause of virtue, though he has no longer any regard to her precepts, than as they conform to his own desires; and counts himself among her warmest lovers, because he praises her beauty, though every rival steals away his heart.

BLOOD BATHS.

A belief in the cleansing and purifying virtues of *human* blood appears to have existed from very remote times, until, comparatively, a recent period. That it prevailed amongst the Egyptians we learn from Pliny, and the idea seems to have been borrowed from them by Moses, although it became modified in his code, the blood of animals being substituted for that of human beings. In the twenty-eighth book of the "Natural History," of the Roman author, we find a curious account of leprosy, which concludes thus:—"A peculiar malady is this, and natural to the Egyptians; but when any of their kings fell into it, woe to their subjects and poor people, for then were the tubs and bathing vessels, wherein they sat in the bath, filled *with men's blood for their cure.*"

But the remedial powers of human blood were not supposed to be confined to cases of leprosy alone; it was a medicine of universal application, a fancy which probably grew out of some vague notion that the vital principle resided in this fluid.

It is a singular fact that while the Jewish legislator imparted a sacrificial virtue to the blood of animals, the Romans should, on the contrary, have adopted a belief the very reverse. According to the Pagan theory, the blood of horses is venomous, and that of bulls is no better, except at Ægira, a city of Achaia, though why this spot should be an exception to the general rule, the Roman naturalist does not inform us. Goats' blood also he denounces, and adds that it is so strong, nothing in the world will sharpen the edge of an iron tool sooner, nor harden it when keen, and that it will polish steel better than any file.

The Christians in the middle ages unaccountably adopted the Pagan rather than the Jewish belief. The Emperor Constantine, it is true, was restrained from using this revolting remedy in consequence of a *vision*, and is said to have been cured by baptism; but the use of the blood-bath seems to have been by far too common both in ancient times and in the middle ages.

In the time of the great leprosy the belief must have given occasion to numberless cruelties, more especially as children and maidens were the objects of it—a class the least likely to be able to escape from the sacrifice demanded of them. After a time, however, it received a check, from an opinion gradually gaining ground that only the blood of those would be efficacious, who offered themselves freely for a beloved sufferer. One of the most beautiful poems of the thirteenth century, written by Hartman Von Der Aue, gives proof of the popular notions of the period. The outlines of the story are nearly as follows:—"A Swabian knight, who possesses wealth, rank, fame—all in short that can make life desirable, is on the sudden seized with leprosy. In order to escape the civil death, which was one of the most terrible results of the disease, he roams through the world in the hope of somewhere finding a remedy, and Montpelier being in those days famous for its physicians, it is there that he first seeks assistance. They pronounce his case to be beyond their art, and he then repairs to Salerno, where he is made acquainted with the apparently hopeless means of cure—namely, that he should bathe in the blood of some child, or of some virgin, who shall submit to be a willing sacrifice. Sad at heart, he returns home, with the conviction that such terms of cure leave him no hope, and he therefore prepares himself to sorrow out the remainder of his days in solitude. It is now that a girl of twelve years of age, the daughter of a countryman, conceives a passion for the knight while attending upon him, and accidentally hearing of this free-will offering, determines to become his sacrifice. The knight, struck by the poor girl's attachment, at first refuses to avail himself of it, but her devotion is proof against all persuasions, and they set out together for Salerno, the site of a celebrated medical institution established by the Benedictine monks. The fatal catastrophe, however, is averted by the knight's recovery through other means, and in requital for so much love he gives his hand to the maiden in marriage."

The story of Amicus and Amelius is another of the same kind; and there is a similar tale related of Louis XI., having a mind to avoid his approaching death by drinking the blood of young children. The account given of the last hours of this king by the historian Gaguin bears testimony to this fact of the blood-drink. He thus states it:—"But his disorder still grew upon him, and in this year, 1443, imploring high and low the aid of God and man, he commanded that they should bring to Tours the sacred liquor, which it is said was sent from heaven to anoint King Clovis in his city of Rheims. Besides this, he had from the holy chapel at Paris the rod of the high priest Aaron, which many affirm to have been divinely given to Charlemagne. But there was nothing that could put off the appointed hour. Every day he grew worse and worse, and the medicines profited him nothing, though of a strange character, for he vehemently hoped to recover by the *human blood which he drank and swallowed from certain children.* But he died at Tours."

CHILDREN'S FOOD.

Physiologists, however they may differ as to the mere theory of digestion, all agree that the stomach as much needs rest from its work as any other organ or part of the body. The reason of this is, that its muscular coat undergoes the process of wear and tear in obedience to an unalterable law of our physical economy, and *itself* requires nutrition.

This being so, where do parents find a justification for the common custom of giving "pieces" to their children? If the digestive apparatus of adults requires repose for the reason stated, how much more that of the child? In the latter the process of growth is going on, as well as that of restoration. Growth depends, not on the quantity of food, but the degree of perfection which marks its assimilation, or conversion into the fluids and solids of the body—the blood, the muscles, the bones, &c. There should always be time fully to dispose of one meal before another is taken. To this end the length of time which elapses between the three meals of the family is seldom too long. It is oftener too short. Children's stomachs need the whole of it to digest their contents, if the proper quantity is not curtailed by the "piece" system, because of the natural appetite being unseasonably pampered. To shorten it, in the way of which we are complaining, is inevitably followed by mischief, because involving a positive infraction of physiological law. For this reason the "indulgence," which the, perhaps, well-enough-*intending* parent practices in this respect, is nothing short of cruelty. As such, no selfish purpose of "keeping the child quiet" can be held excusable. It only renders the cruelty more cruel.

"DAD," said an incipient legislator to his indulgent parent, who had gratified him with a visit to the galleries of the Capitol, "say do you see any row going on? I don't." "No," said the astonished father, "of course not. Why did you ask?" "Cause the man in the big desk says—the *ayes* have it!—and just now he said the *noes* had it—so I thought there was some *fun* down there some'ers!"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TO MARY.

BY J. N. BRADELL.

When the sweet moon's cascade beams
Sparkle through the wild wood vines,
Belong gems with diamond gleams
Over the violet flower-lines,
Fancy brings thee o'er the lea,
Bright and beautiful as thou.

And when nature's chords of gold,
At the silent, hoary eve,
Softly stir the amber fold,
Lovely as a dream at leave—
As an angel, mercy-bent
Through the midnight's dusk is sent.

And again, when regal night,
Flashing with its crowns of stars,
Robes the mien of mountain height
Or near tempest's rugged bars,
Then bright dreams come silently,
Love and beautiful—of thee.

FOREST SKETCHES—NO. 25.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DENLAP.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

Upon getting Uncle Abner drawn out we found that he had seen a great deal more of the world than we had supposed. He had spent nearly two years in Africa, part of the time trading between Mocha and Suakin, and the other part traveling. To be sure the years above mentioned were not a few; but the old man still set these years down as having been passed on the dark-winged outlines. When asked why he kept such absence with regard to his adventures, he answered that he could not bear to be made the sole-maker for a whole community.

"Why," said he, "did the people brownbuns know where I had been, I should have no peace of life at all. I could not show my face at a target without being hailed for a story—yes—and misheard, too, for one might as well try to get away from a nest of and hornets as to think of escaping a squad of them longears about a whiskey-bar."

However, he had found out his qualifications, and we were determined to have some of his adventures. He was perfectly willing, and we were selected from us the promise that we would not tell to any of the people of the neighborhood the secret he had for her. At last he made a long-backed bron companion of the Shreveport-ladens he would only and should be refuse, after they had discovered his store of adventure, to drink and talk with them. So we went with him to Shreveport, and had her him exceedingly. We gave his pledge of secrecy, and a return he gave us some of his adventures. The first was as follows:

"I had packed quite a little sum of money at Mocha, and, as it lain my part to look after it, I would ride the river Nile. Two Arabs, in whom I had the fullest confidence, and who had served me for a great deal, agreed to accompany me if I would pay their expenses. Their expenses would probably amount to one cents per day; but that was all that I did not hesitate long on that score. Their names were Abbas and Mada. They were middle-aged men; I tall and powerful; very intelligent; for men of color; and as true to me as the truest of my kind; and not only trustworthy, but well acquainted with the country we were to traverse.

"We took a little coasting vessel from Mocha, and ran up the Red Sea to Suakin, a small town on the coast of Nubia, where we landed, and took a rest book horse. The distance from here to the Fifth Cataract of the Nile, below Berber, was about two hundred and forty miles; and the country to be traveled was a broad desert, dotted with mean habitations here and there. We started early in the morning, and at night reached a small entirely-built collect house, among the mountains. Our first day had not taken us beyond the mountain range of the coast.

"We found a place at which we could stop; and having corn our horses provided for we sat down to our supper—a supper of cakes and bread, the latter made from wheat which had been cracked up between two stones. It was a very rude place, being entirely shut in by high mountains, and even the trees appearing dark and gloomy. After our evening supper, and I was just lighting my pipe, when a party of some ten or a dozen natives went by us on their way from the west with a large pile. I told Abdee to ask what it meant. He did so, and the answer told him that they were going after a lion that had been devouring their flocks.

"There was a chance for me. I had never seen a lion in his freedom, but I had long felt a desire to do so. I quickly had one companions to run after the men and ask them if we might join. We came back first with the intelligence that they would like to have me go with them; as I had a 'fire weapon,' as they called my rifle, which I had of course taken along with me, to be a great curiosity and amusement.

"I put on my belt, which I had covered with cutting supper, and having secured my pistols and ammunition, I took my ride and set out. I found the natives in number about twenty-five or so at a short distance, and as we walked along I learned from them, through Abbas, that the animal which there had been a huge lion in the neighborhood, doing immense mischief. He had killed some of their best oxen, and many of the goats and all they had been unable to find him.

These natives were armed with long spears, something like common pike-poles. The handle of each of them was about six feet in length, and two inches in diameter, and armed at the extremity with an iron plate. Most of them had knives, but none of them possessed fire-arms.

"After we had gone some distance I learned that the lion was supposed to be in a certain cave not far distant; but that, if he was not there, they would not pursue him before morning, as the mountain gorges were solid and intricate, rendering a night search exceedingly dangerous. The dogs, of which there were several in the party, had already led two battles with the monster, and they were not willing to encounter him so.

"We found the cavern, but no lion, and after searching awhile we returned to the village.

"Our accommodations at the hut of our hostess were as the village could afford; and though we had to sleep upon the ground, yet we slept soundly, and awoke in the morning much refreshed. When we came out we breakfast we found the party ready for setting out on the hunt. There were more than on the previous evening, nearly every well man in the place being present, and making a party of twenty-three. They were all armed with spears, and most of them had knives. We started in a body, the oldest man of the natives taking the lead.

"The time the dogs went ahead, part of them having an out of sight. We reached the cave where we had come the night before, and in it we found the bones of a goat newly picked, with other signs of the lion. This place was about three miles from the village, and at the entrance of a deep gorge which divided two high mountains, and where a stream of water seemed at some time to have run. Through this gorge we went, and at the distance of half a mile we came to a pool, about not over a quarter-of-a-mile in diameter, and bordered on all hands by mountains. It was a curious spot to me. When I first saw it I took it for a little lake and its three by walls of black rock. The sand was not white, but there were grains of quartz all over it that glittered like diamonds in the morning light.

"We had just entered upon this plain when a sharp, fright- ened howl from one of the dogs startled us. We looked in the direction from whence the sound came, and saw asharp, narrow gorge, the mouth of which was garnished by a situated growth of a sort of hard, dry, gnarled pine. We had just observed the place when the dog leaped from the rock and rolled over upon his side, and then struggled to his feet. In a moment more, without warning of any kind, a huge, dark form sprang from the ravine, leaped high in the air —and struck the quivering dog.

"It was the lion! In the instant the air was filled with the shouts of the natives, and they rushed forward in the most confused manner with their spears, and yelling at the top of their voices. At first I wondered what they were up to; but I soon learned. The beast, as he had been the most valuable can in the village—a faithful, generous animal—and old, and looked upon as their best dog. The coolness of my companions had given me new nerve, for it showed me that the case was not wholly invincible. My rifle was at my shoulder—I followed the lion's heart with my sight—and waited breathlessly for the moment when he should stand still.

"With a sort of instinct I knew he would hesitate one he made at each dog. And he did. He had been hesitant, or irritative, for I knew little of his habits. And I was right. As he came face to face with the old man he stopped to gather himself for the spring. It was but a single instant,—in fact, but for the fact that I was ever a second on the shock. All that I have related took place within the space of less than a minute. I said he crouched for the spring. My eye had been upon the spot beneath which I supposed the heart must be, and the instant my monstrous prey came I fired.

"I said before that the lion was already in the air when the fire man came up. So he was, but he had my bullet in his heart! One deep roar burst from him as he came, and he fell dead upon his side—and the monster fell to the ground—dead. His heart had been pierced by the ball, and quivering of the massive frame, and a sort of shudder of his sides. Then came a bristling of the hair, a lifting of the rib, and there was one deep gasp, almost a smothered roar, and the last spark was gone.

"With shouts and songs of joy the natives gathered around their dead foe. They carried him until I had to beg of Abbas to tell them to stop. I litter was formed of their spears, and the lion placed thereon; but the burden was too heavy to be conveyed then, so we returned to the village, and left the lion where he was.

"That was my first lion hunt; but it was not my last."

SCANDAL.

"Believe not each accepting word,
As once each promise true;
Believe but half you've ever heard,
Which cuts not to the bone."

AMUSING DUEL.

Baden-Baden, says the London Times, which has been so long out of the world, has become a fit scene—if the chronicles of the place which the newspapers publish be trusted—for duels. Here a tone and temper at once moral and practical. The code of honor which they prescribes, falling upon its authority, with the threatened deposition of the gaming-table itself. Two strangers, an Englishman and a Frenchman, have had a quarrel in a very common incident, over their play, and but I found that it was not to be settled on the spot as the recognized means of settling a dispute. The Englishman was to lay as to the first fire, and so unlucky as to miss his adversary. The latter had only now to shoot his man at his ease, and accordingly he took his position and did so. The Englishman cried out, "Stop, stop—I'll buy your life!" The Frenchman made short of the novelty of the proposal—the second, that it contained the perfection of a new luxury for gentlemen. The conditions of the arrangement were accordingly entered upon; and the two leading characters were, that the Englishman was rich, and the Frenchman a good shot. The redemption was valued at £1,000, and the payment of the latter sum was to be made in the notes of dwelling.

A CUTTER OVER LOVERS, who have come in the confusion of the ballroom, and who are in the most unpardonable exercises of friendship and esteem, who so know'd it would be proper for them to depart, but who had forgotten to drive with each other. You; but them encouraged, and the cutter was driven off in the most correct manner.

C. A. B.—Many people have inserted to play the guitar on a public occasion, but few ever succeed. If you insist on the same, you should be better able to determine your own capacity than we can do for you. Try it.

M. C.—Address Box 623 or 845 a quarter, and you will get your money.

J. S.—It would be very difficult, if not impossible, for a person who has not been in the habit of writing to write a letter, to get a situation as one in a first-class house in the city.

G. H., of Newark, is discouraged in love with a young lady, and he wants to know how he shall make his avowal of his reputation first. The very way that strikes us, at present, is for her know it, is for it. It is not her of it.

A. B.—The way to get copies of the "reports" made by the different departments of the United States Government, is to apply for them to some member of Congress, or to officers in the departments which make them.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOSE YOUNG LADIES.—You had better wait a case for your—brother" and "dear agent" in the kitchen and the parlor. Also, perhaps a careful supervision of the house from garret to cellar, with a broom, would relieve your "dearest parent of mine." If you prefer to write to the young gentlemen, we suppose your proper way is to address them as "Sir," but the workings had better be postponed until you are of age. Your handwriting is the most practical and useful we have seen.

MARRIAGE.—Your present long furniture left with you by another man, because he never you, unless the furniture was not your property. You should use the same, put a judgment against him, issue an execution and levy on the furniture, if it be of sufficient value to make it worth while.

POET.—It is impossible to tell how much the public likes a new writer. In this case, however, we could not tell it. Nevertheless, we send you a specimen of our opinion.

LOVE.—Love is a disease that is not to be cured by a single remedy. Some require a long course of medicine, others only a few doses. Some require to be kept in bed, others to be allowed to walk about. Some require to be kept in a warm room, others in a cool one. Some require to be kept on a low diet, others on a generous diet. Some require to be kept quiet, others to be allowed to take exercise. Some require to be kept in the dark, others in a light room. Some require to be kept from all company, others to be allowed to see their friends. Some require to be kept from all company, others to be allowed to see their friends. Some require to be kept from all company, others to be allowed to see their friends